JUNGLE GIRL

Featuring the PERILS OF NYOKA

NO. 1

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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PERILS of NYOKA

CHAPTER I
DOOM IN THE DESERT

NYOKA

A TALE OF TERROR, TREASURE AND TURMOIL OF BATTLE ON THE BURNING SANDS FOR THE GREATEST PRIZE SCIENCE EVER SOUGHT!

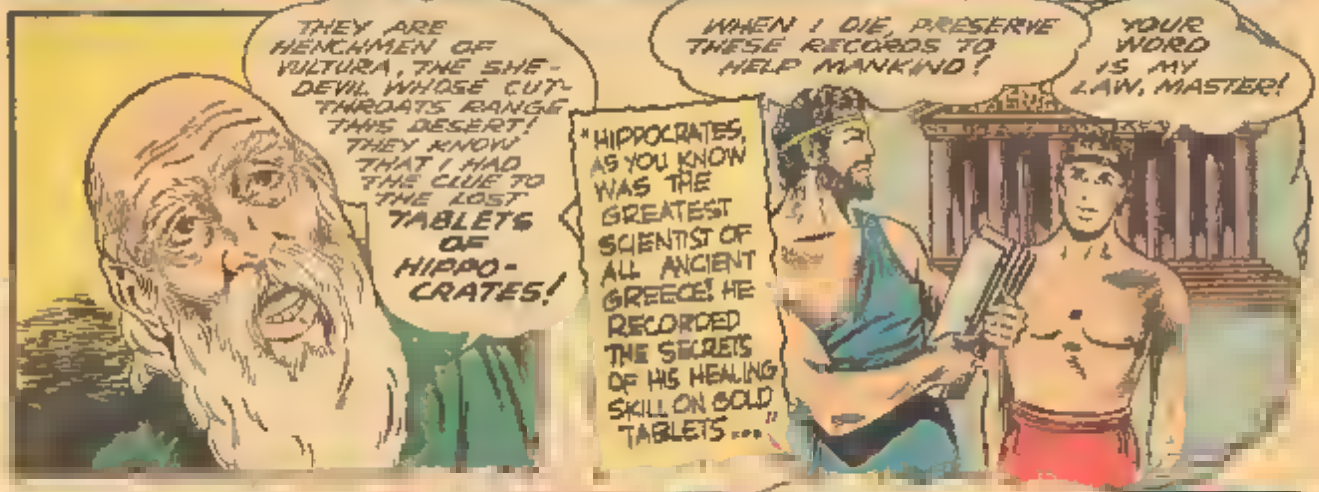
COME WITH US TO THE DESERTS OF THE EAST WHERE ARAB RAIDERS RIDE, WHERE GOLDEN TABLETS ARE HIDDEN--AND WHERE DWELLS

NYOKA!

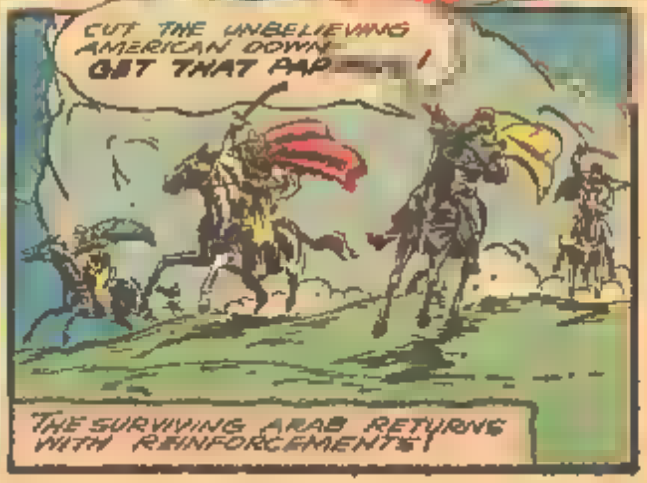

BUT LARRY SEIZES THE WEAPON OF HIS FIRST ADVERSARY!
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT-- COME AND GET IT!

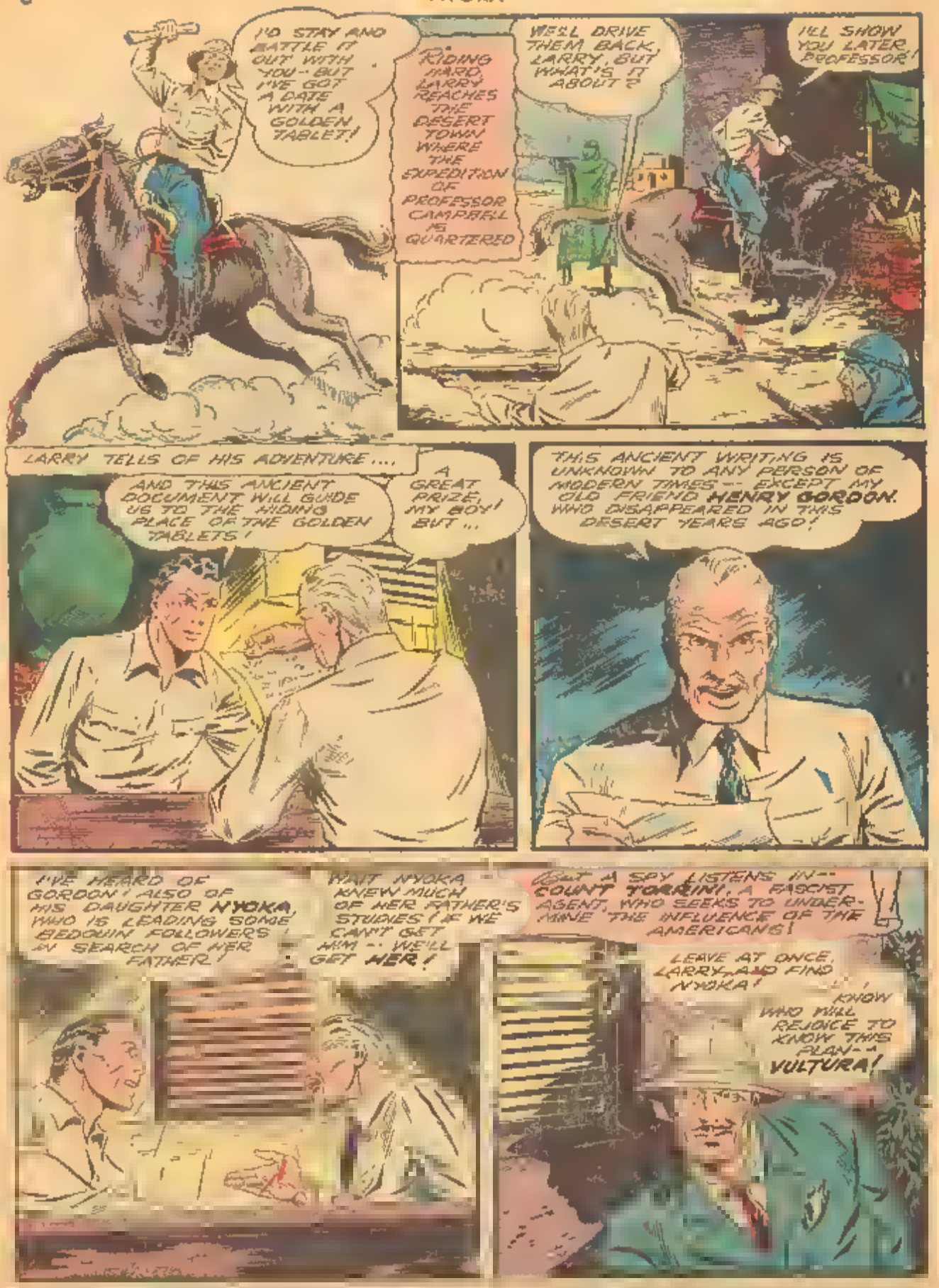

ALLAH! IL ALLAH!
THE ARAB DESERT-RAT IS NO MATCH FOR LARRY'S SWORDSMANSHIP!


MY THANKS— BUT YOU ARE TOO LATE! I AM WOUNDED UNTO DEATH!
WHY DID THEY ATTACK YOU?


THEY ARE HENCHMEN OF VULTURA, THE SHE-DEVIL WHOSE CUT-THROATS RANGE THIS DESERT! THEY KNOW THAT I HAD THE CLUE TO THE LOST TABLETS OF HIPPO-CRATES!
"HIPPOCRATES, AS YOU KNOW WAS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST OF ALL ANCIENT GREECE! HE RECORDED THE SECRETS OF HIS HEALING SKILL ON GOLD TABLETS..."
WHEN I DIE, PRESERVE THESE RECORDS TO HELP MANKIND!
YOUR WORD IS MY LAW, MASTER!


I DIE, BUT YOU MUST GIVE THE SECRET TO THE WORLD! THIS PAPYRUS CONTAINS THE CLUE TO THE TABLETS... OHH...
HE'S DEAD!

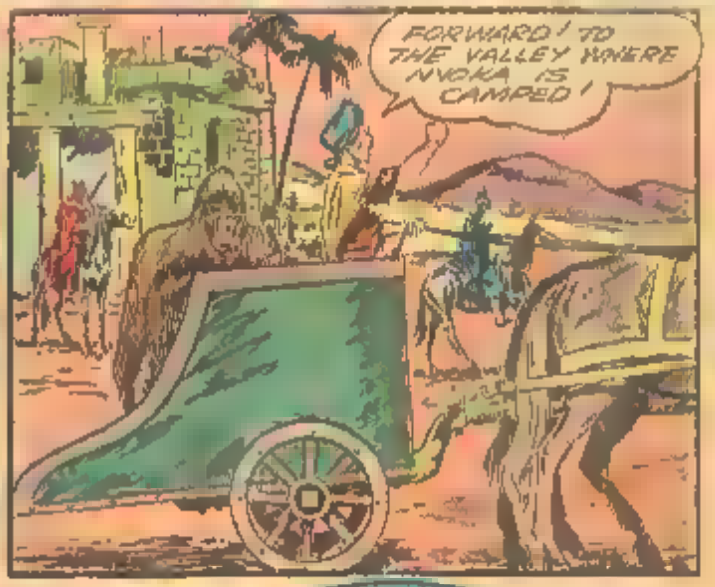

CUT THE UNBELIEVING AMERICAN DOWN— GET THAT PAP—!
THE SURVIVING ARAB RETURNS WITH REINFORCEMENTS!

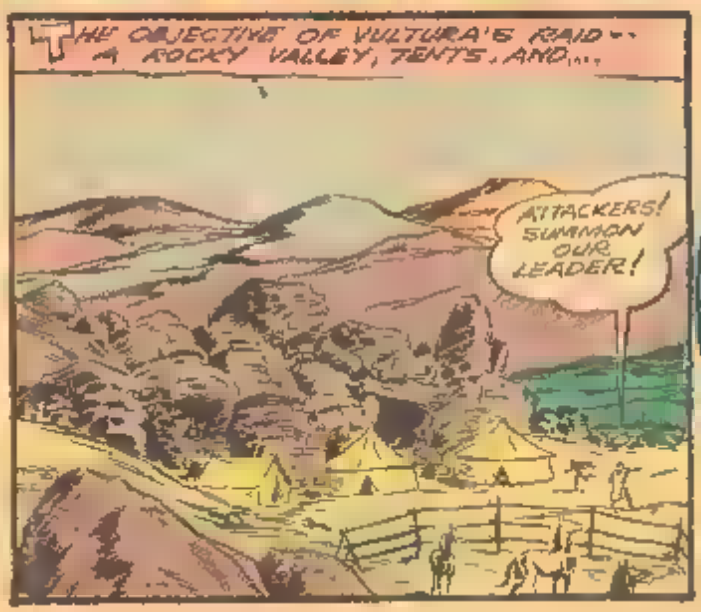

I'D STAY AND BATTLE IT OUT WITH YOU -- BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A GOLDEN TABLET!
RIDING HARD, LARRY REACHES THE DESERT TOWN WHERE THE EXPEDITION OF PROFESSOR CAMPBELL IS QUARTERED
WE'LL DRIVE THEM BACK, LARRY, BUT WHAT'S IT ABOUT?
I'LL SHOW YOU LATER, PROFESSOR!
LARRY TELLS OF HIS ADVENTURE....
AND THIS ANCIENT DOCUMENT WILL GUIDE US TO THE HIDING PLACE OF THE GOLDEN TABLETS!
A GREAT PRIZE, MY BOY! BUT...
THIS ANCIENT WRITING IS UNKNOWN TO ANY PERSON OF MODERN TIMES -- EXCEPT MY OLD FRIEND HENRY GORDON, WHO DISAPPEARED IN THIS DESERT YEARS AGO!
I'VE HEARD OF GORDON! ALSO OF HIS DAUGHTER NYOKA, WHO IS LEADING SOME BEDOUIN FOLLOWERS IN SEARCH OF HER FATHER!
WAIT NYOKA KNEW MUCH OF HER FATHER'S STUDIES! IF WE CAN'T GET HIM -- WE'LL GET HER!
BUT A SPY LISTENS IN -- COUNT TORRINI, A FASCIST AGENT, WHO SEEKS TO UNDERMINE THE INFLUENCE OF THE AMERICANS!
LEAVE AT ONCE, LARRY, AND FIND NYOKA!
I KNOW WHO WILL REJOICE TO KNOW THIS PLAN -- A VULTURA!


IN AN ANCIENT TEMPLE OF THE DESERT, THE LOVELY BUT EVIL VULTURA RULES HER HORDE OF ROBBERS AND MURDERERS..
GR-R!
WE ALMOST HAD THE PAPYRUS, GREAT LADY, BUT AN AMERICAN DOG STOLE IT!
YOU'VE FAILED ME! I SHOULD THROW YOU TO SATAN, HERE!


I HOPE YOU BRING ME GOOD NEWS, COUNT! I AM DISGUSTED WITH MY OTHER SERVANTS!
COUNT TORRINI CRAVES AN AUDIENCE, YOUR GREATNESS!


THE AMERICANS SEEK NYOKA TO TRANSLATE THE PAPYRUS FOR THEM!
IF SHE CAN TRANSLATE FOR THEM--SHE CAN TRANSLATE FOR ME! ORDER MY CHARIOT!


FORWARD! TO THE VALLEY WHERE NYOKA IS CAMPED!


THE OBJECTIVE OF VULTURA'S RAID-- A ROCKY VALLEY, TENTS, AND....
ATTACKERS! SUMMON OUR LEADER!


NYOKA!


DRIVE THEM BACK! THEY'RE VULTURA'S CUTTHROATS!

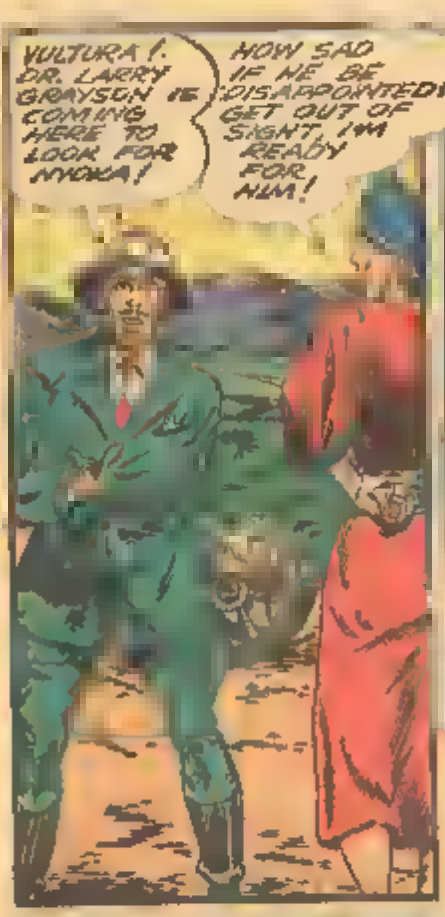

YOU'RE MY PRISONER!
OH, NO—


..YOU ARE MINE!


THE POWERFUL SATAN BREAKS LOOSE AND...
A·R·R·GH!

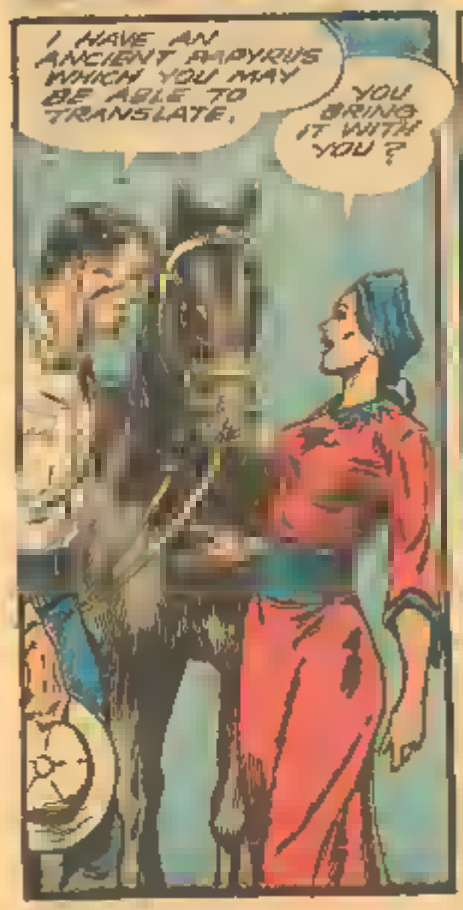

U-G-G-GH!
DON'T HURT HER, SATAN!

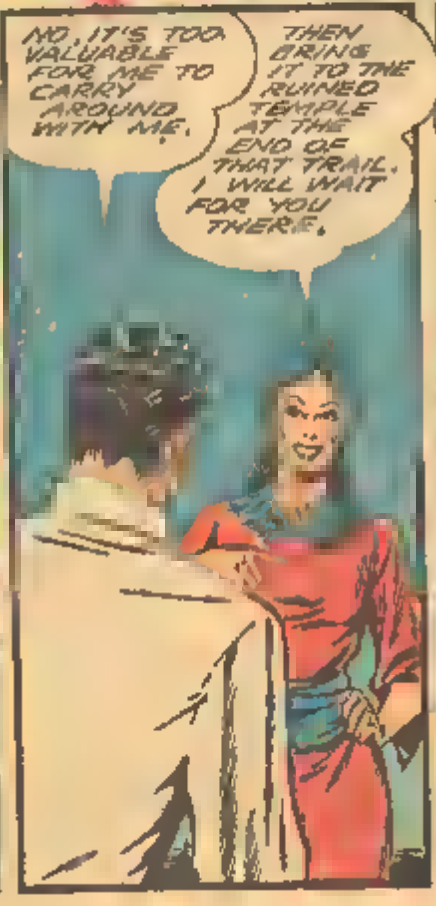

TAKE HER TO THE TEMPLE.. QUICK!


VULTURA! DR. LARRY GRAYSON IS COMING HERE TO LOOK FOR NYOKA!
HOW SAD IF HE BE DISAPPOINTED! GET OUT OF SIGHT, I'M READY FOR HIM!

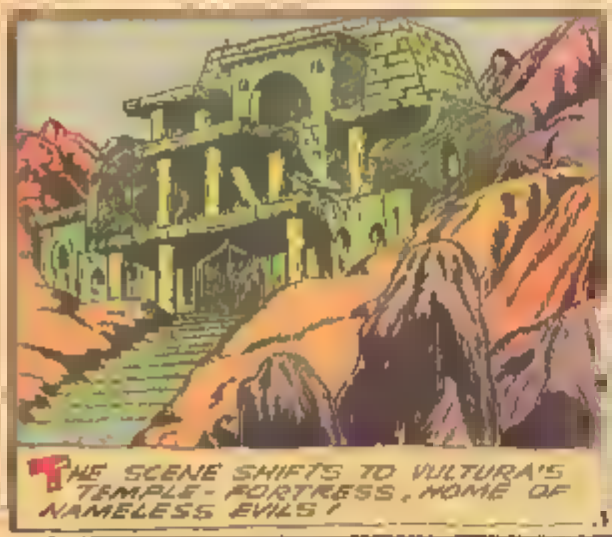

WHAT WOULD YOU, FOREIGN STRANGER?
I SEEK NYOKA GORDON!


YOUR SEARCH HAS ENDED! I AM NYOKA!


I HAVE AN ANCIENT PAPYRUS WHICH YOU MAY BE ABLE TO TRANSLATE.
YOU BRING IT WITH YOU?


NO, IT'S TOO VALUABLE FOR ME TO CARRY AROUND WITH ME.
THEN BRING IT TO THE RUINED TEMPLE AT THE END OF THAT TRAIL. I WILL WAIT FOR YOU THERE.

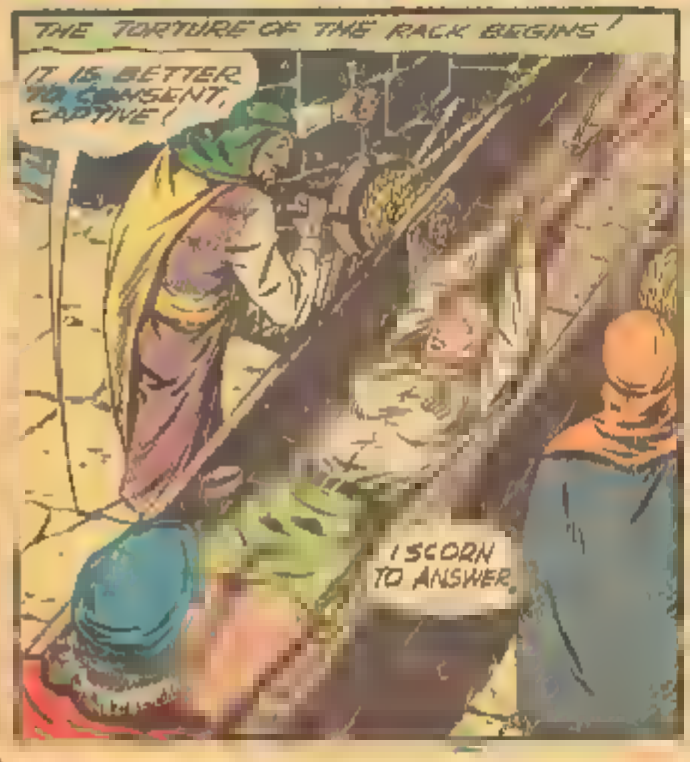

I'LL TRAP THE FOOL. GET THE PAPYRUS-- AND DESTROY HIM!
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, NYOKA!


THE SCENE SHIFTS TO VULTURA'S TEMPLE-FORTRESS, HOME OF NAMELESS EVILS!


IN A SHORT WHILE I'LL HAVE THE PAPYRUS THAT TELLS WHERE TO FIND THE GOLDEN TABLETS OF HIPPOCRATES! YOU, NYOKA, SHALL TRANSLATE!
NOT I!


THOSE TABLETS AND THEIR SECRET SHOULD BENEFIT HUMANITY... NOT A PACK OF INHUMAN ROBBERS AND KILLERS!
I'LL NOT ARGUE! TORTURE HER!


YOW! BISMALLAH! SHE FIGHTS LIKE A FIEND!


THE TORTURE OF THE RACK BEGINS!
IT IS BETTER TO CONSENT, CAPTIVE!
I SCORN TO ANSWER.


MEANWHILE, LARRY ARRIVES WITH THE PAPYRUS!


But, AS HE PASSES THE WINDOW OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER...
IF YOU HAVE NOT CONSENTED, LADY NYOKA, BY THE TIME VULTURA RETURNS, YOU WILL DIE HORRIBLY!
NO! NO!
WHAT TH--

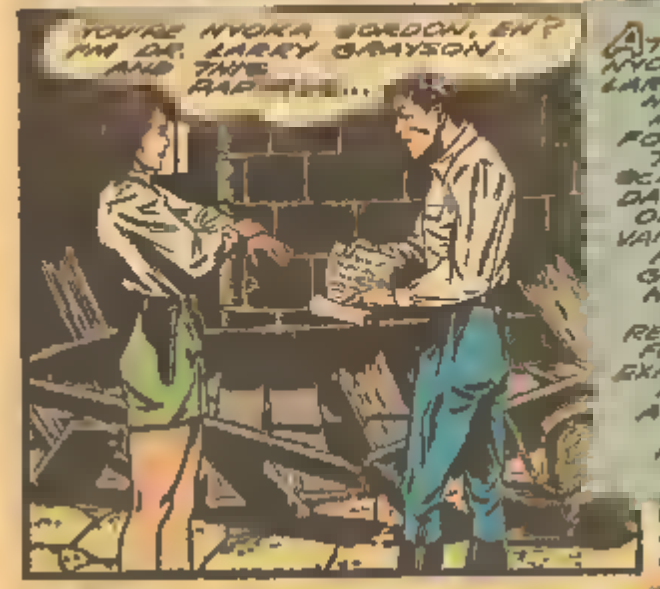

LET'S SEE WHO'S GOING TO DIE HORRIBLY!


THAT MUST BE THE REAL NYOKA! I'VE BEEN DECEIVED!

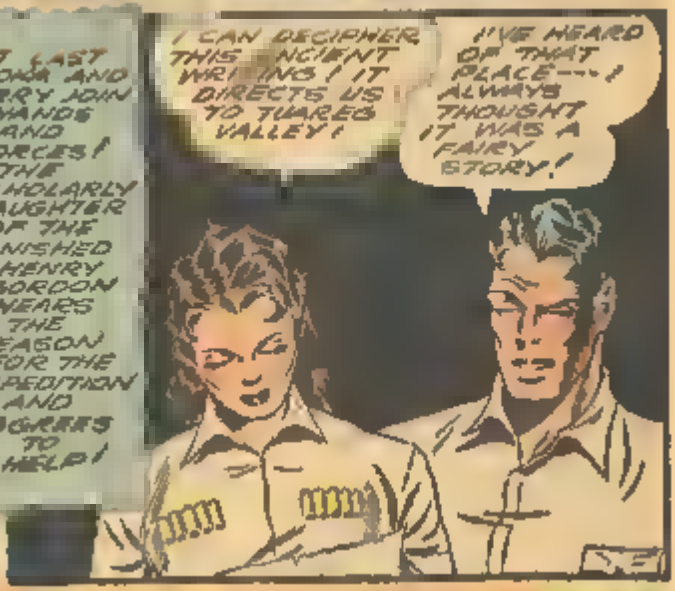

TORTURERS, EH? LET'S SEE HOW YOU STAND A LITTLE PAIN YOURSELVES!

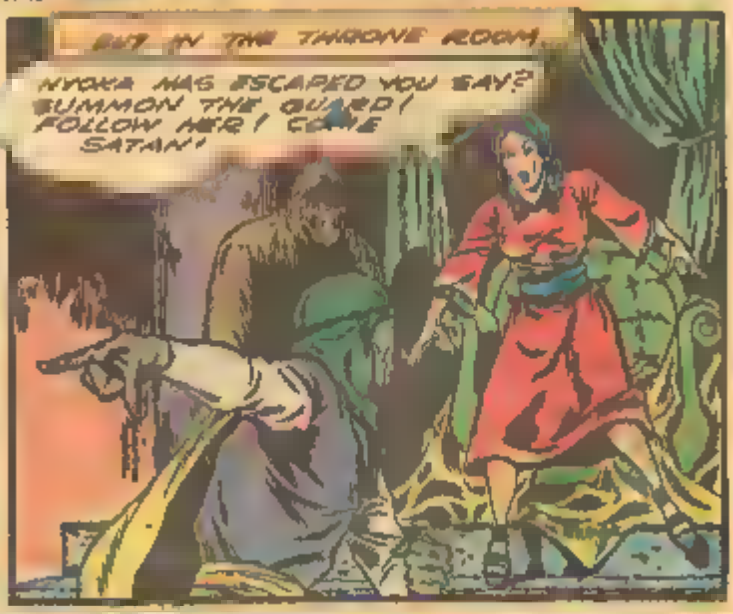

INFIDEL! PREPARE TO DIE!
PREPARE TO HIT THE DECK!


JUST LIKE THIS!



AT LAST NYOKA AND LARRY JOIN HANDS AND FORCES! THE SCHOLARLY DAUGHTER OF THE VANISHED HENRY GORDON HEARS THE REASON FOR THE EXPEDITION AND AGREES TO HELP!






BREAK INTO THE TORTURE CHAMBER SATAN!
G-R-R-UGH!
WHAT NASTY RUDE WAYS THE TENANTS HAVE!
GH-A-A!
I WOULDN'T STAY IN THIS PLACE, NO MATTER HOW CHEAP THE RENT WAS!
HE'S BIG BUT HE'S CLUMSY DOWN HE GOES!
A-R-R-GH!
AWAY RIDE THE TWO ALLIES
AHEAD IS THE BEGINNING OF A VOLCANIC TUNNEL THAT LEADS TO TUAREG VALLEY!


THEY ENTER THE TUNNEL!
RED FIRE AHEAD-- A GREAT LAVA PIT!
HARK! I HEAR SOMETHING!
RUN, NYOKA! THEY'RE AFTER US!
I'M NOT RUNNING, LARRY! I'LL HELP YOU FIGHT!
I'M SLIPPING! FALLING!
BUT UNDER NYOKA'S WEIGHT THE EDGE OF THE PIT CRUMBLES
AAAAAAA!
SO BEGINS A GRIM ADVENTURE! BUT HOW CAN NYOKA ESCAPE A DEATH OF FLAME? WE SHALL SEE!

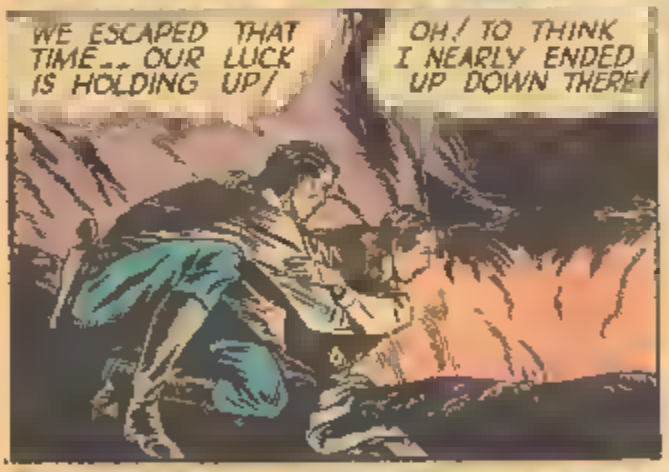
PERILS of NYOKA

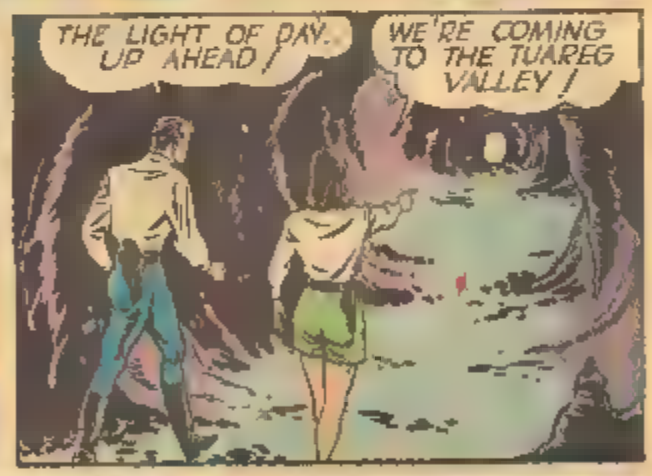
CHAPTER II
VALLEY of SACRIFICE

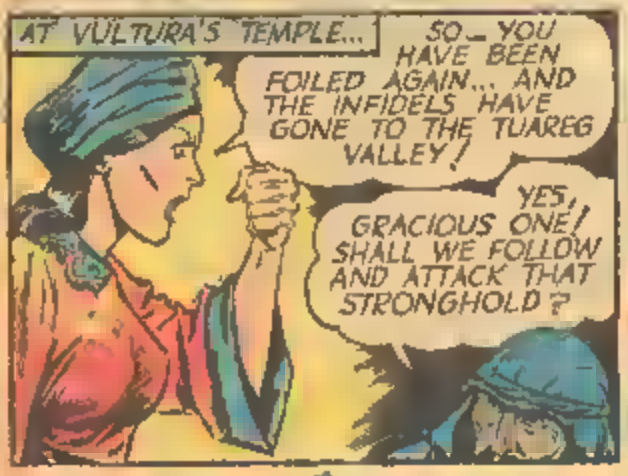

WHILE IN THE CAVERN ABOVE
NO YOU DON'T MY FRIEND!
YA NAZRANI!


EN LARRY DRAWS HIS GUN
FLEE! HIS MARKSMANSHIP IS UNERRING!


THEN, THE ENEMY DRIVEN BACK, LARRY RACES TO THE RESCUE OF HIS COMPANION!
STEADY NYOKA! GET A GRIP OF THIS!
THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME!


WE ESCAPED THAT TIME... OUR LUCK IS HOLDING UP!
OH! TO THINK I NEARLY ENDED UP DOWN THERE!


THE LIGHT OF DAY.. UP AHEAD!
WE'RE COMING TO THE TUAREG VALLEY!

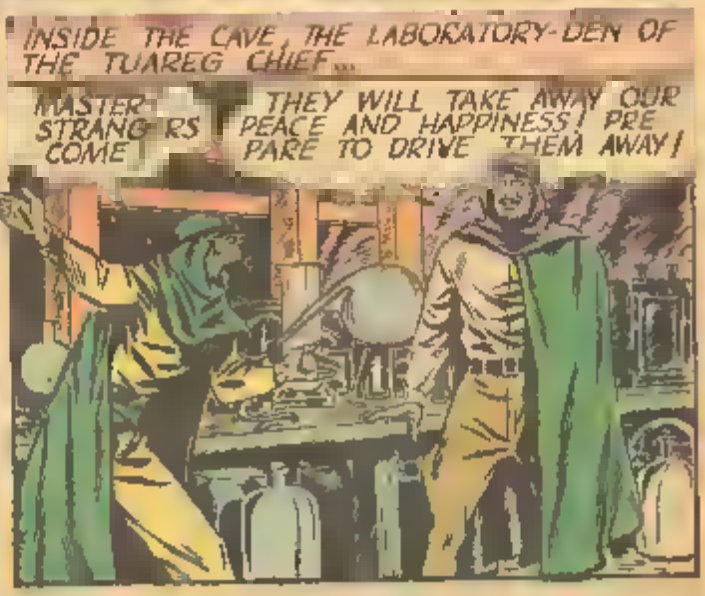

AT VULTURA'S TEMPLE...
SO— YOU HAVE BEEN FOILED AGAIN... AND THE INFIDELS HAVE GONE TO THE TUAREG VALLEY!
YES, GRACIOUS ONE! SHALL WE FOLLOW AND ATTACK THAT STRONGHOLD?

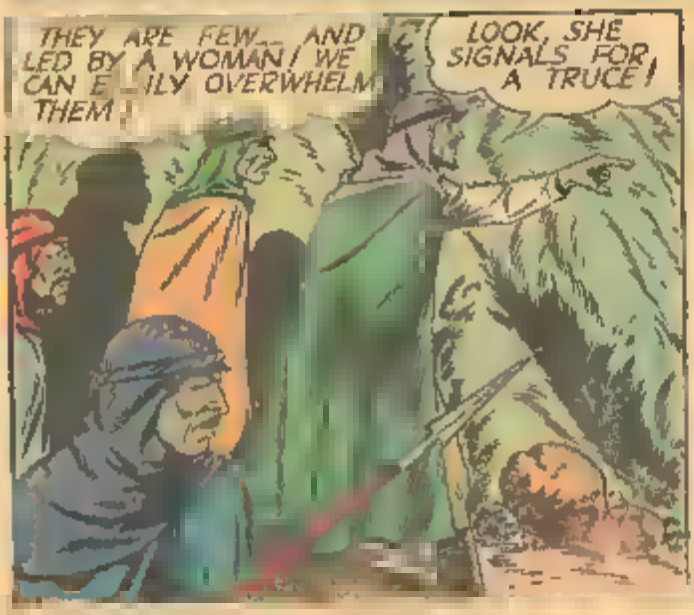

NO... LOOK AT THIS!
THE MIGHTY SUN GODDESS.. IMAGE THAT THE TUAREGS WORSHIP!


IF THE SUN GODDESS WERE TO APPEAR IN THAT VALLEY, WHO WOULD DENY HER CLAIM TO RULE?
YOU ARE WISE, GREAT LADY! I WILL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE!


IN THE TUAREG VALLEY... A SENTINEL WARRIOR SIGNALS THE MESSAGE THAT STRANGERS ARE ENTERING!

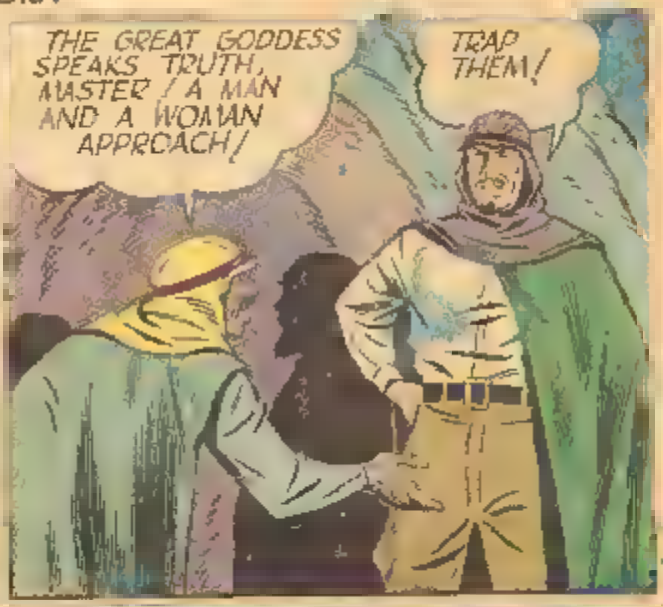

SEE! OUR GUARD GIVES WARNING OF INVADERS!
QUICK, TELL THE MASTER!


INSIDE THE CAVE, THE LABORATORY-DEN OF THE TUAREG CHIEF...
MASTER! STRANGERS COME!
THEY WILL TAKE AWAY OUR PEACE AND HAPPINESS! PREPARE TO DRIVE THEM AWAY!

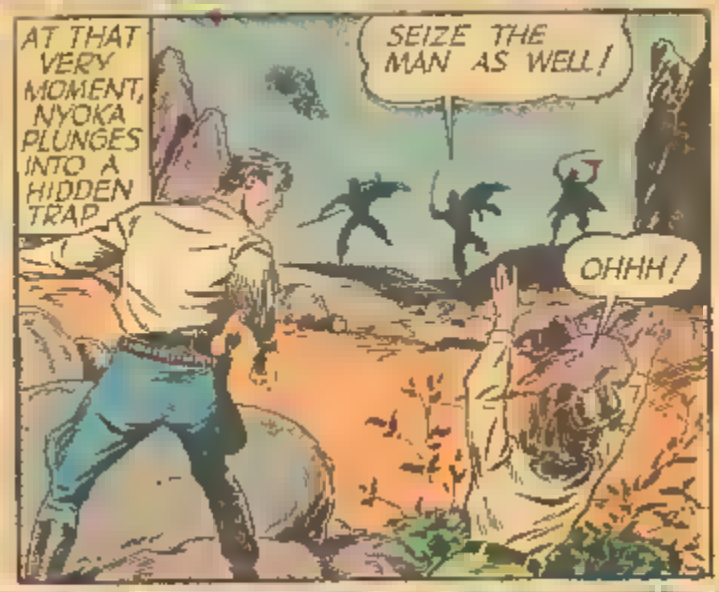

THEY ARE FEW... AND LED BY A WOMAN! WE CAN EASILY OVERWHELM THEM!
LOOK, SHE SIGNALS FOR A TRUCE!

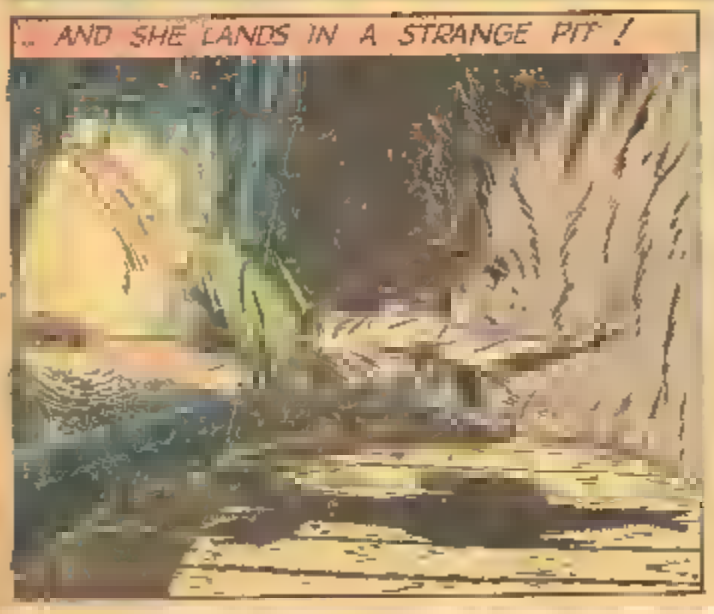

REACHING THE VALLEY BY A SHORT CUT, VULTURA BOLDLY MAKES HER CLAIM!
I AM YOUR SUN GODDESS RETURNING TO HELP YOU IN YOUR HOUR OF NEED!


I HAD THOUGHT THE SUN GODDESS TO BE A LEGEND!
FAR FROM IT! AND I BRING NEWS OF A SNEAKING EXPEDITION OF INFIDELS!

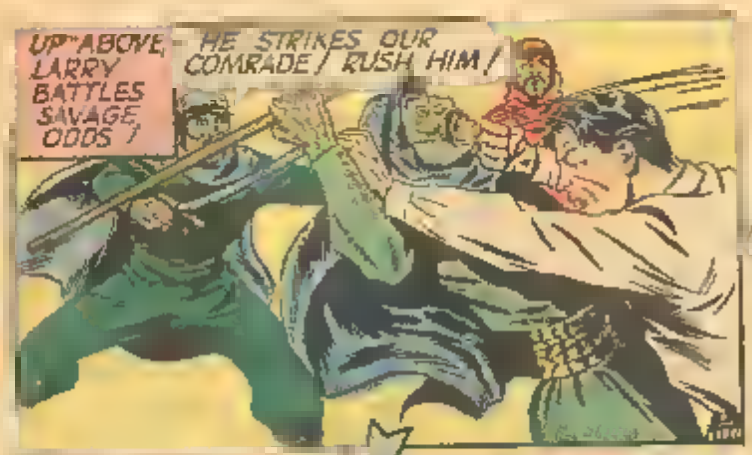

THE GREAT GODDESS SPEAKS TRUTH, MASTER! A MAN AND A WOMAN APPROACH!
TRAP THEM!

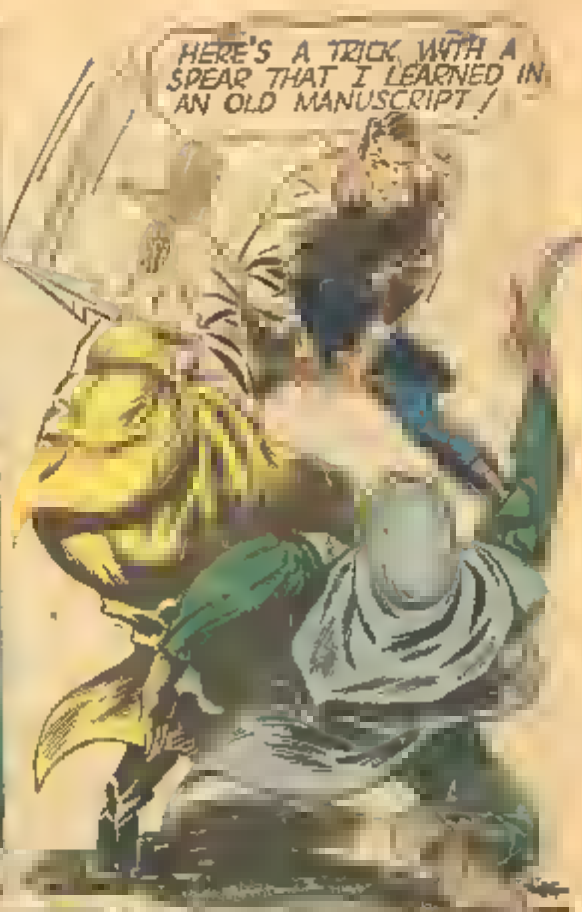

HELLO! WE WANT TO BE YOUR FRIENDS...


AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NYOKA PLUNGES INTO A HIDDEN TRAP
SEIZE THE MAN AS WELL!
OHHH!


.. AND SHE LANDS IN A STRANGE PIT!


THE FLOOR'S RISING... WITH ME... TO BRING ME AGAINST THOSE SPIKES!!

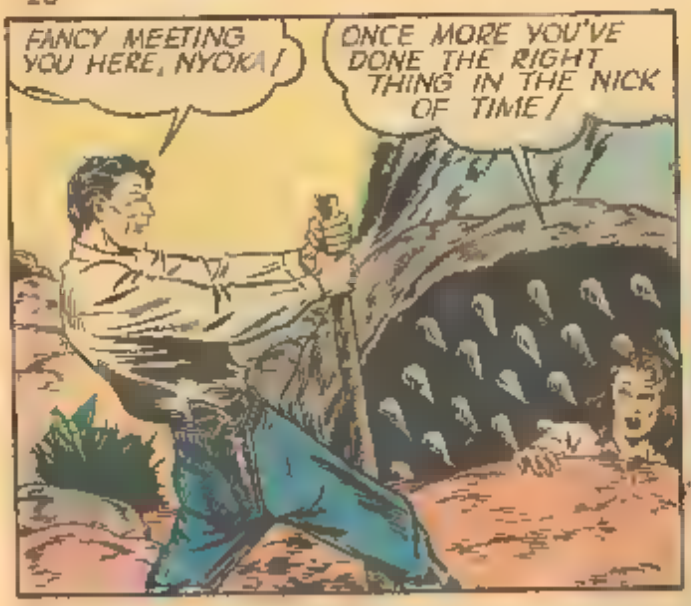

UP ABOVE, LARRY BATTLES SAVAGE ODDS!
HE STRIKES OUR COMRADE! RUSH HIM!

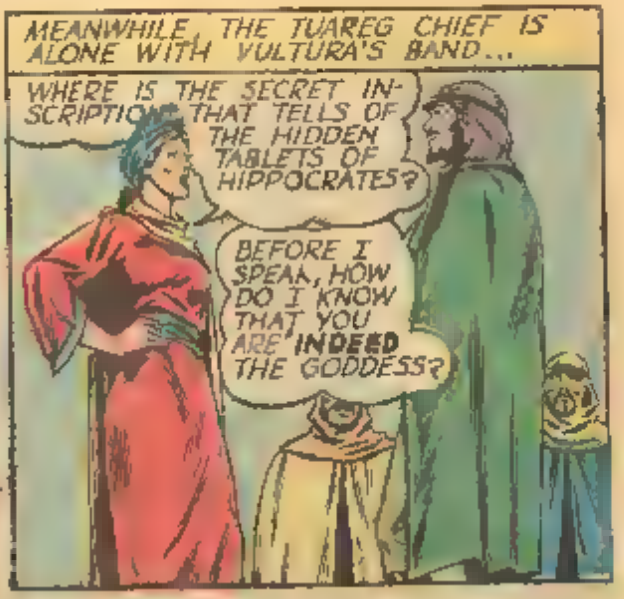

HERE'S A TRICK WITH A SPEAR THAT I LEARNED IN AN OLD MANUSCRIPT!


HE FINDS TIME TO DRAW HIS PISTOL, AND—
FLY! HE FIGHTS WITH MAGIC FIRE!

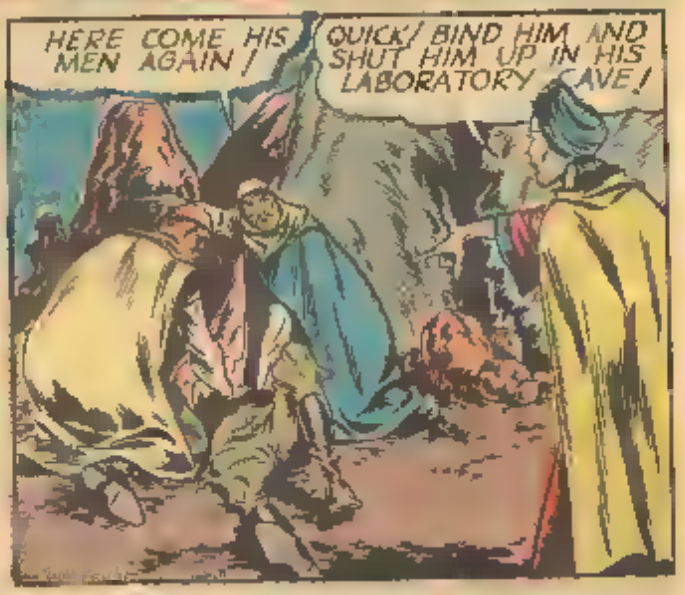

THIS LEVER MUST BE ATTACHED TO THE TRAP THAT CAUGHT NYOKA!


THIS IS... THE END!

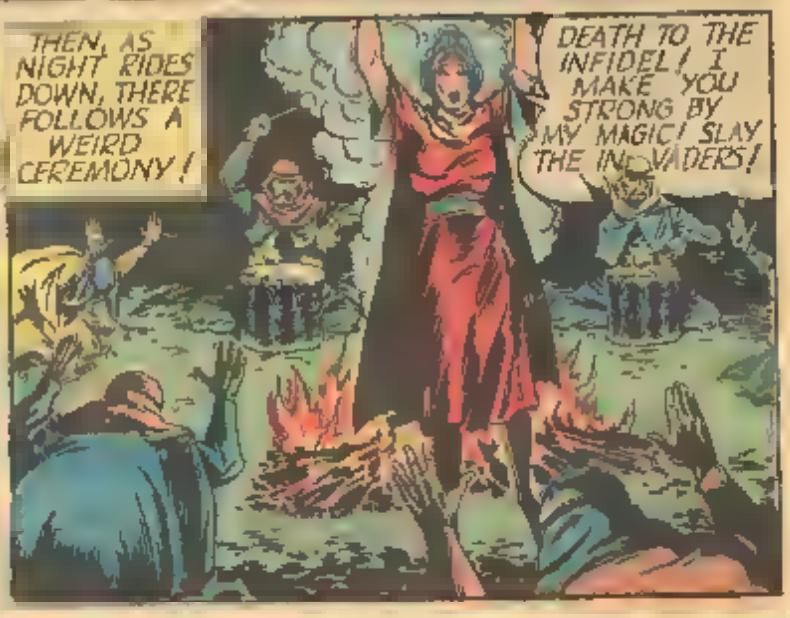

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, NYOKA!
ONCE MORE YOU'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING IN THE NICK OF TIME!

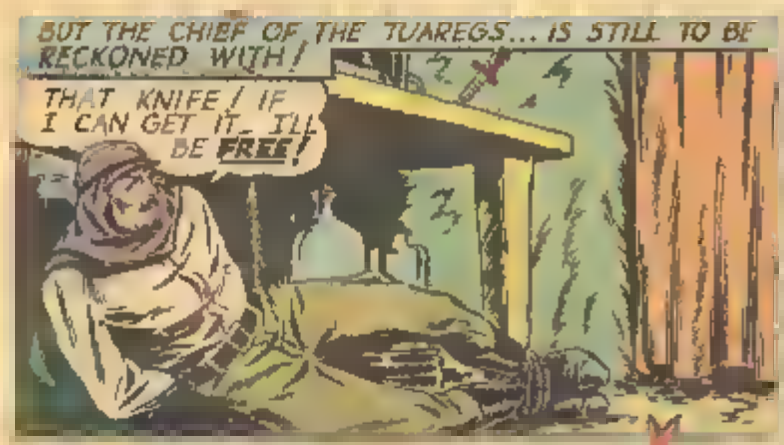

MEANWHILE, THE TUAREG CHIEF IS ALONE WITH VULTURA'S BAND...
WHERE IS THE SECRET INSCRIPTION THAT TELLS OF THE HIDDEN TABLETS OF HIPPOCRATES?
BEFORE I SPEAK, HOW DO I KNOW THAT YOU ARE INDEED THE GODDESS?


SEIZE HIM!
NOW I KNOW YOU ARE A CHEAT AND A ROBBER!


HERE COME HIS MEN AGAIN!
QUICK! BIND HIM AND SHUT HIM UP IN HIS LABORATORY CAVE!


VULTURA'S ORDERS ARE OBEYED, AND WHEN THE TUAREGS RETURN...
OH GODDESS OF THE SUN, MY MEN HAVE BEEN DRIVEN BACK...
FEAR NOT! I WILL BLAST THE ENEMY WITH MAGIC!

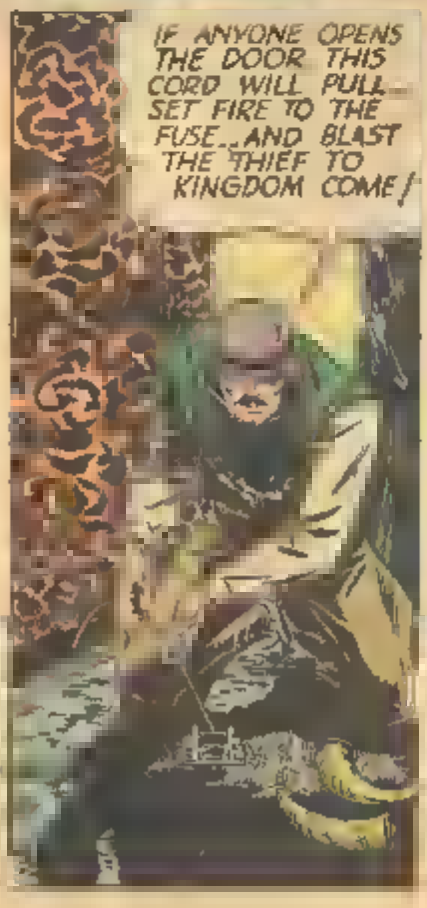

THEN, AS NIGHT RIDES DOWN, THERE FOLLOWS A WEIRD CEREMONY!
DEATH TO THE INFIDEL! I MAKE YOU STRONG BY MY MAGIC! SLAY THE INVADERS!


BUT THE CHIEF OF THE TUAREGS... IS STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH!
THAT KNIFE! IF I CAN GET IT... I'LL BE FREE!


IT TAKES MORE THAN DE— IT AND ROP TO CONQUER ME!


THESE CONTAINERS... FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES OF MY OWN IN-VENTION.


THROUGH A HIDDEN OPEN-ING IN THE CAVE... THE SCIENTIST-CHIEFTAIN GAINS THE OPEN
I'LL SET A TRAP FOR WHOM SOEVER SEEKS THE HIDDEN TABLETS OF HIPPOCRATES!


IF ANYONE OPENS THE DOOR THIS CORD WILL PULL— SET FIRE TO THE FUSE... AND BLAST THE THIEF TO KINGDOM COME!


MEANWHILE, VULTURA ENDS THE SAVAGE CEREMONY.
NOW! FIND THE ENEMY AND PUT T TO DEATH!


THERE THEY ARE! FIGHT, AND WIN_ FOR YOUR SUN GODDESS!
I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!
LARRY, DON'T!


SEE! VULTURA HAS DECEIVED THEM! THEY ARE DELUDED__ NOT WICKED!
RIGHT, NYOKA I'LL USE ONLY A TRICK AGAINST THEM!


WITH A TOUGH VINE, LARRY GOES QUICKLY TO WORK!
I'M TRYING AN OLD FUNNY PAPER TRAP


COME GET US, BOYS!


WE ARE BEATEN.. OUR SUN GODDESS HAS FORSAKEN US!
IT WORKS!

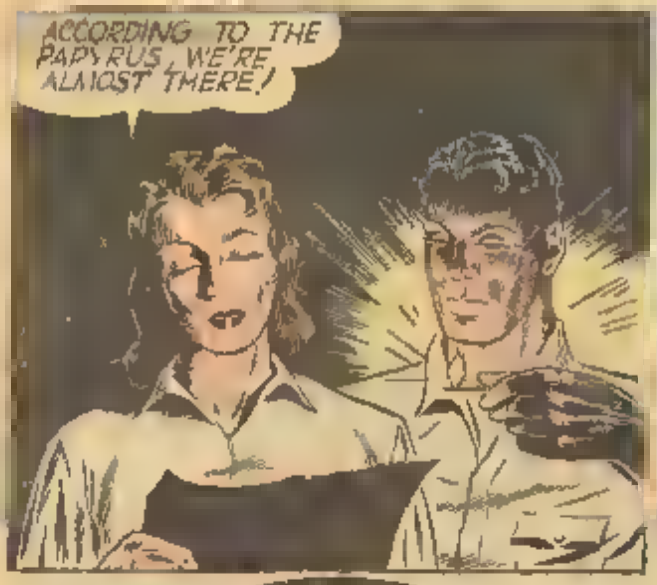

LARRY! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED FROM BEHIND!


NOW WE'RE CUT OFF! WE CAN NEVER CROSS THAT RAVINE!
DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR HOW DANIEL BOONE MANAGED IT?


OHHH!
TRUST ME, NYOKA!


NICE CONVENIENT VINE HUH?


SAFE! NOW WE CAN CONTINUE OUR SEARCH!


ACCORDING TO THE PAPYRUS, WE'RE ALMOST THERE!


THE T LETS ARE IN IDE HERE?
NO, ONLY AN INSCRIPTION WHICH WILL GIVE US FURTHER DIRECTIONS


THE THIEVES FROM OUTSIDE WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

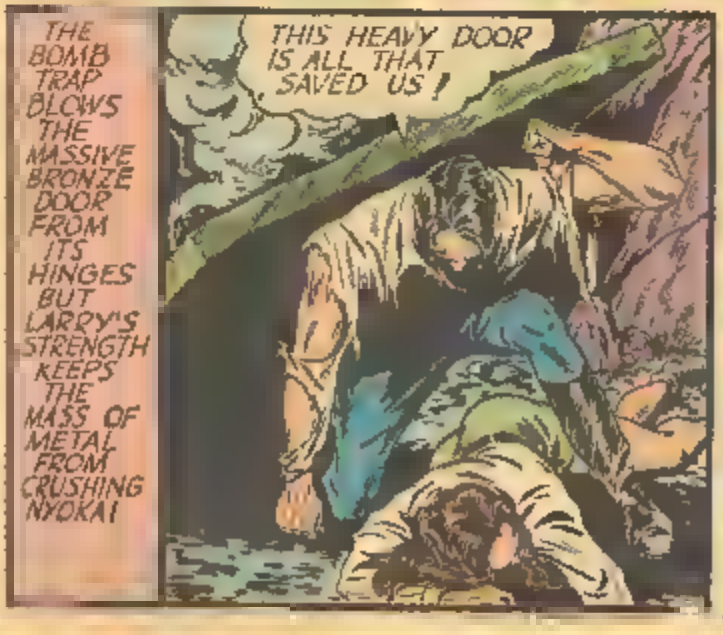

IT'S HEAVY, BUT I'LL GET IT OPEN!


BAM
THE TRAP HAS BEEN SPRUNG! THE TUAREG CHIEFTAIN'S EXPLOSIVE MINE HAS GONE OFF! WHO WILL BE LEFT TO TELL THE TALE IN CHAPTER III?

PERILS of NYOKA

CHAPTER III
VULTURA'S VENGEANCE

ONCE AGAIN THE SCENE SHIFTS BUT THE BATTLE RAGES ON MORE FIERCELY THAN BEFORE--- A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!



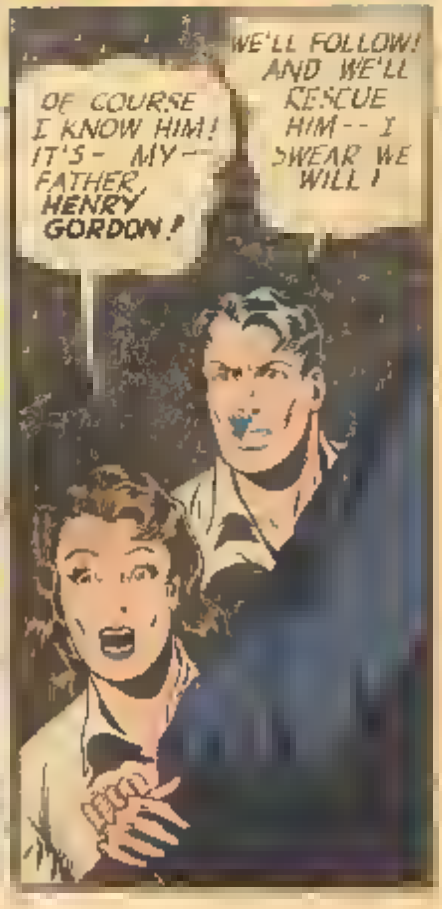

THE INSCRIPTION - SUPPOSED TO BE ON THIS WALL - DESTROYED BY THE EXPLOSION!
THEN WE MUST FIND A NEW CLUE!


WHILE ELSEWHERE IN THE VALLEY....
YOU BRING ME MORE BAD NEWS·· THE ESCAPE OF THE TUAREG CHIEF!
LADY VULTURA! I SAW THE TWO INFIDELS ENTERING THE CAVE OF THE INSCRIPTION!


OVERTAKE THAT CHIEF AGAIN--- BRING HIM TO MY TEMPLE! LIKEWISE THE GIRL NYOKA AND HER CURSED PROTECTOR!


BEFORE THE CHIEFTAIN GOES FAR, HE IS OVERTAKEN AND SURROUNDED!
OUR MISTRESS WANTS YOU MY FRIEND!
THIS NEW INSULT PROVES SHE IS NO SUN GODDESS!

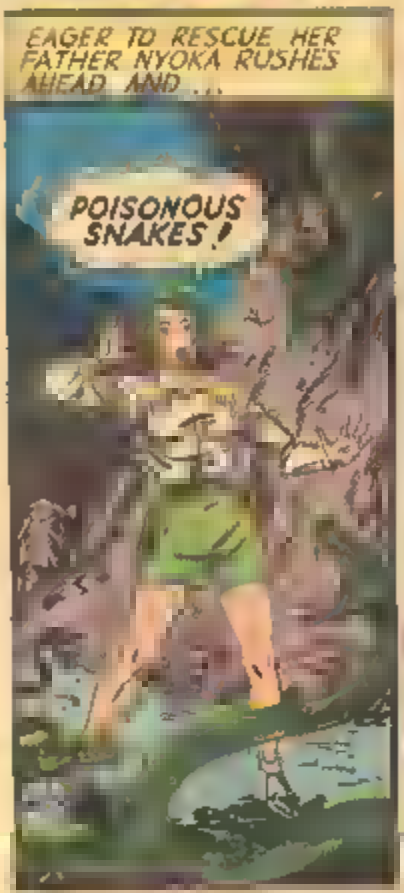

THAT CAPTIVE! HE'S--HE'S--
YOU KNOW HIM, NYOKA?


OF COURSE I KNOW HIM! IT'S - MY-- FATHER, HENRY GORDON!
WE'LL FOLLOW! AND WE'LL RESCUE HIM-- I SWEAR WE WILL!


NEXT MORNING
GRACIOUS ONE! NYOKA AND LARRY GRAYSON ARE FOLLOWING!
I HAVE PLANNED A TRAP FOR ANY WHO SHOULD FOLLOW US SATAN. TEAR DOWN THOSE ROCKS!


SATAN OBEYS! RIPPING AWAY CHUNKS OF ROCK, HE BLOCKS THE PASS FROM THE VALLEY AND REVEALS ANOTHER OPENING!


THEIR TRACKS LEAD THIS WAY!
HERE'S THE WAY THROUGH THE ROCKS...WE'LL PASS THROUGH THERE!


EAGER TO RESCUE HER FATHER NYOKA RUSHES AHEAD AND...
POISONOUS SNAKES!

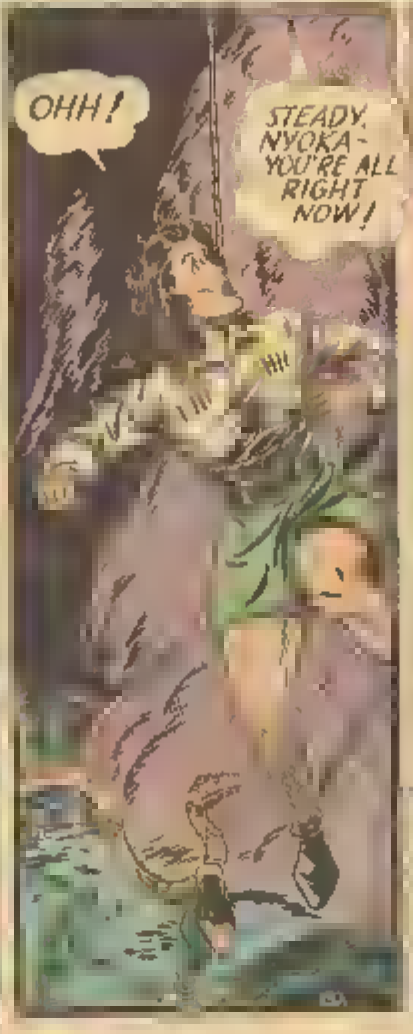

WHILE, BEHIND HER, LARRY IS AMBUSHED!
Y'ALLAH IL ALLAH! I HAVE THE INFIDEL!


WRONG, MY FRIEND! THE INFIDEL HAS YOU!


TAKE THAT TO WHO-EVER SENT YOU-- AS A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S COMING!


NOW TO SAVE NYOKA!


NYOKA IS NOW COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY THE DEADLY REPTILES!
LARRY! HELP! HELP! I'M TRAPPED!


OHH!
STEADY, NYOKA - YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW!


AGAIN YOU SAVE ME LARRY!
NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT! COME ON, I KNOW THE WAY THEY WENT!


AT VULTURA'S STRONGHOLD...
SINCE YOU THREATEN ME WITH TORTURE, I WILL TELL YOU -- THE TABLETS ARE IN DEVIL'S GORGE AT THE NORTH END OF TUAREG VALLEY!


STAY THERE, TUAREG DOG, UNTIL WE RETURN!
IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT WAITED THEM IN DEVIL'S GORGE INSTEAD OF TREASURE!


BUT OUTSIDE IN A SMALL OASIS FACING THE TEMPLE...
BUT LARRY-- WHY ARE YOU MAKING A SCARECROW?
PERHAPS TO SCARE A FEW CROWS--OR BUZZARDS!


THERE'S SURE TO BE A GUARD ON WATCH! I WANT TO GET HIM OUT HERE SO.....

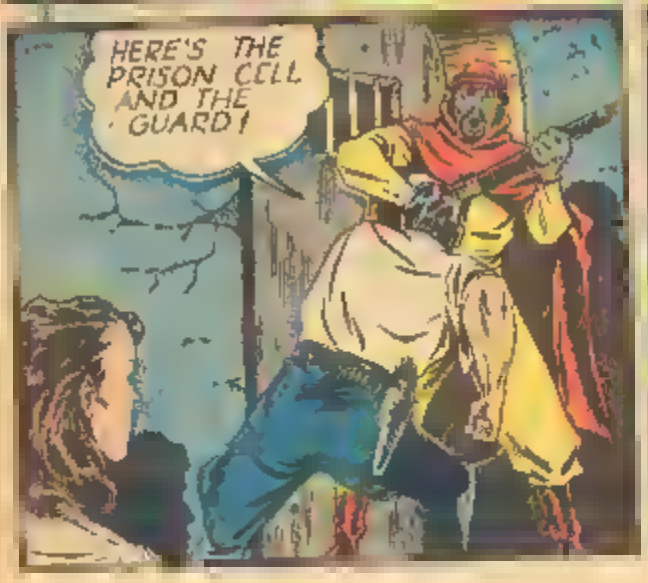

RRY IS RIGHT! SENTINEL SIGHTS THE STRANGE FIGURE!
TO ARMS!

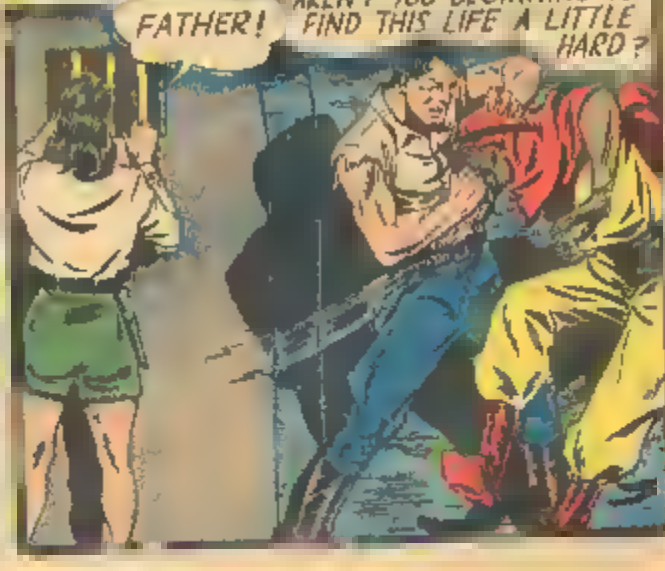

FORM FOR ATTACK!
FALL UPON YONDER S AND HE HIM ECES

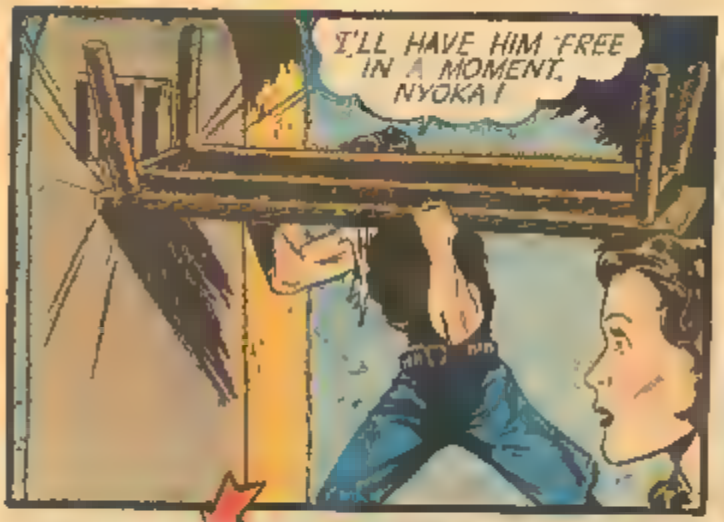

KILL! SLAY!
FORWARD --- FOR THE HONOR OF OUR OUTLAW BAND!


LOOK! IT'S A DUMMY!
AND NOT THE ONLY DUMMY PRESENT!

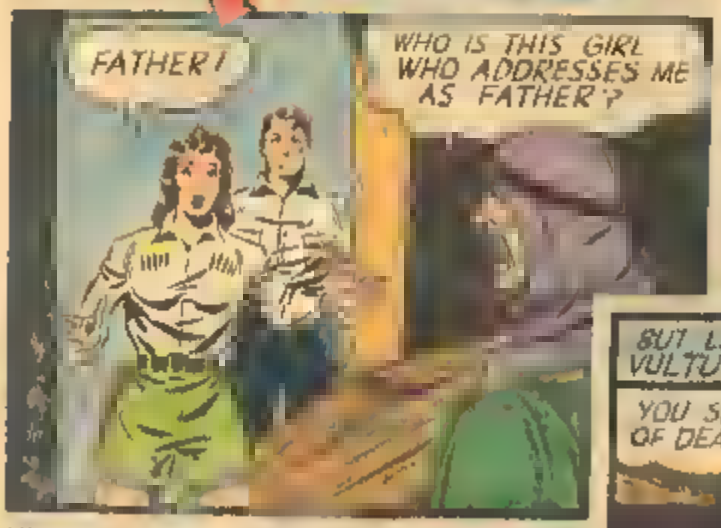

THE GATES UNGUARDED! QUICK, INSIDE!


HERE'S THE PRISON CELL AND THE GUARD!


FATHER!
AREN'T YOU BEGINNING TO FIND THIS LIFE A LITTLE HARD?


I'LL HAVE HIM FREE IN A MOMENT, NYOKA!


DON'T YOU REMEMBER HER SIR?
I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE!
I'M NYOKA YOUR DAUGHTER!

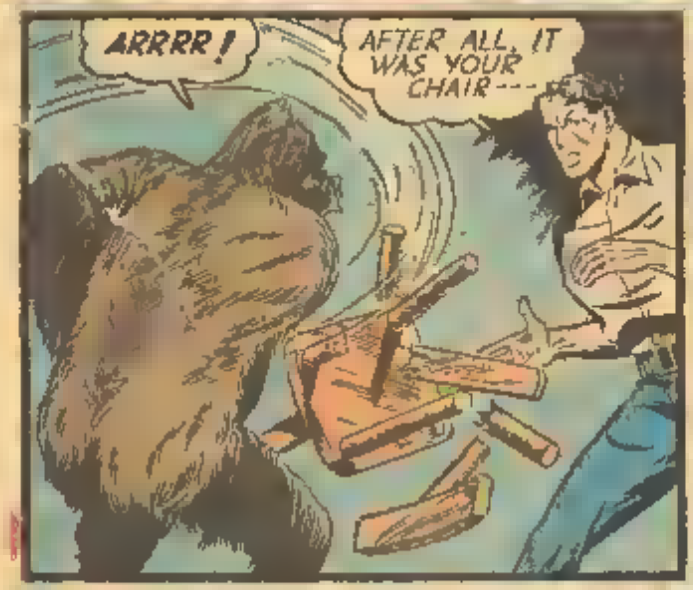

FATHER!
WHO IS THIS GIRL WHO ADDRESSES ME AS FATHER?


FATHER, YOU'VE LOST YOUR MEMORY! PLEASE SAY YOU KNOW ME!
THIS TIME WE'LL NOT SPARE THEM, SATAN!


BUT LARRY HEARS THE APPROACH OF VULTURA AND SATAN
YOU SHALL DIE THE FOULEST OF DEATHS! CHARGE, SATAN!
GRRR-ARRR!
TACKLE VULTURA, NYOKA! I'LL MANAGE HER LITTLE PLAYMATE!


YOU OUGHT TO REMEMBER THAT I BEAT YOU ONCE!


WHAT A NASTY WAY YOU HAVE WITH GUESTS, SATAN!
R-R-RAAAA!

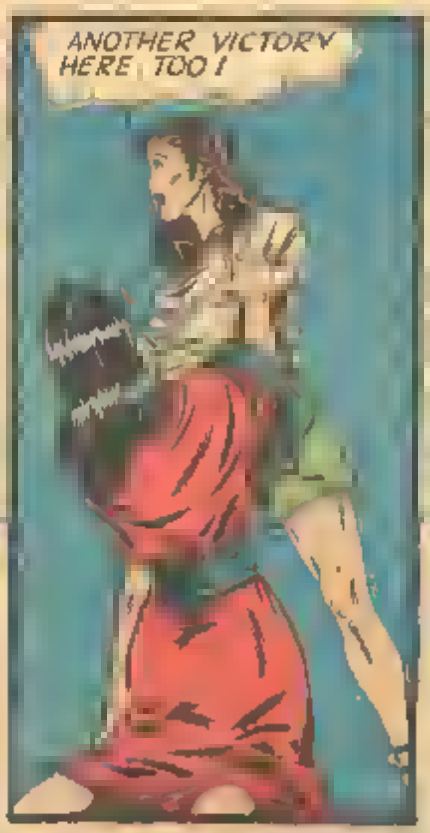

ARRRR!
AFTER ALL, IT WAS YOUR CHAIR---


AND THIS IS YOUR FIRE TOO---


YI-I-I-EEE!
SO TAKE IT!

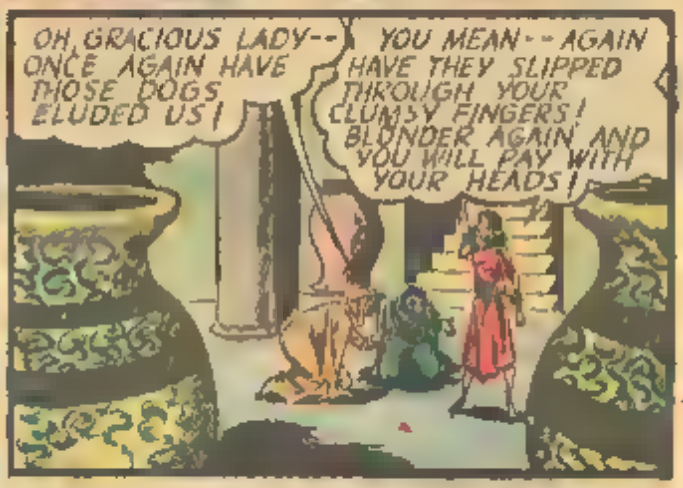

SATAN IS MOMENTARILY BLINDED AND LARRY ATTACKS IN TURN!
YOW AR-R-R!


THROWN FOR A LOSS! HOW ARE YOU DOING, NYOKA?


ANOTHER VICTORY HERE TOO!

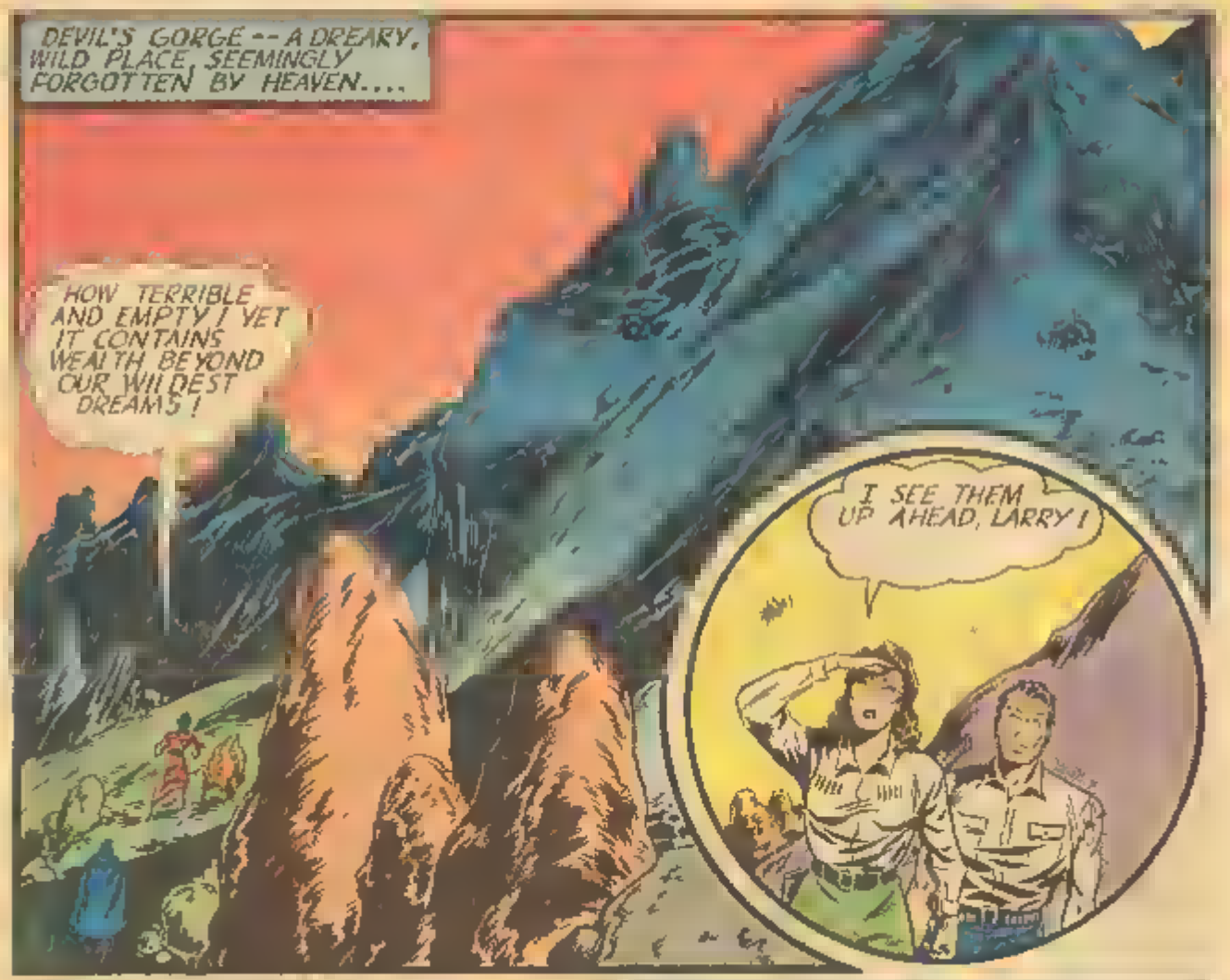

WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT, NYOKA, HERE COME MORE OF OUR LITTLE PLAYMATES!


KILL THOSE TWO! A GREAT TREASURE TO THE ONE WHO DESTROYS THEM!


OH, GRACIOUS LADY-- ONCE AGAIN HAVE THOSE DOGS ELUDED US!
YOU MEAN--AGAIN HAVE THEY SLIPPED THROUGH YOUR CLUMSY FINGERS! BLONDER AGAIN AND YOU WILL PAY WITH YOUR HEADS!


BUT THIS IS WASTING TIME! ON TO DEVIL'S GORGE -- AND THE GOLDEN TABLETS!


DEVIL'S GORGE! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
WE'LL TRAIL THEM THERE! AND IF I KNOW VULTURA HE'LL TAKE MY FATHER WITH HER!


DEVIL'S GORGE -- A DREARY, WILD PLACE, SEEMINGLY FORGOTTEN BY HEAVEN....
HOW TERRIBLE AND EMPTY! YET IT CONTAINS WEALTH BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS!
I SEE THEM UP AHEAD, LARRY!

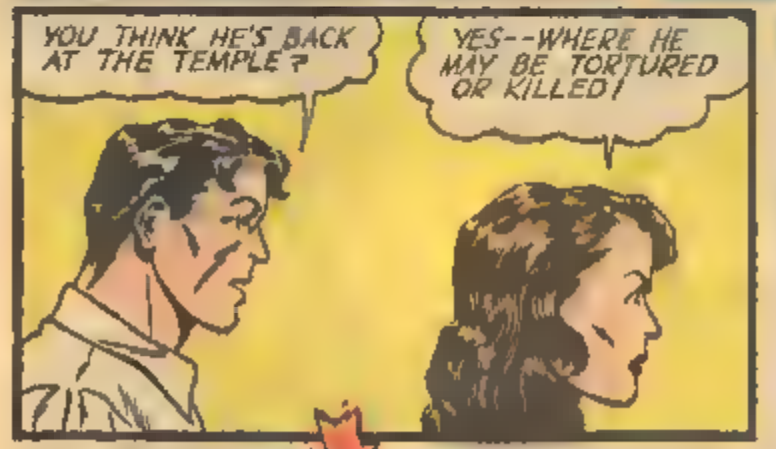

THOSE TWO DEMONS STILL DOG MY FOOTSTEPS! START AN AVALANCHE, SATAN! IT WILL CRUSH THEM!


A GREAT ROCK IS DISLODGED -- IT CRASHES DOWN STARTING OTHERS -- A LANDSLIDE BEGINS!


THE WHOLE WORLD'S FALLING DOWN ABOUT OUR EARS!


QUICK! UNDER THIS LEDGE!


WE'RE SAFE! NOW WE CAN FOLLOW---
NO! I LOOKED BEFORE THE AVALANCHE! MY FATHER ISN'T WITH VULTURA!

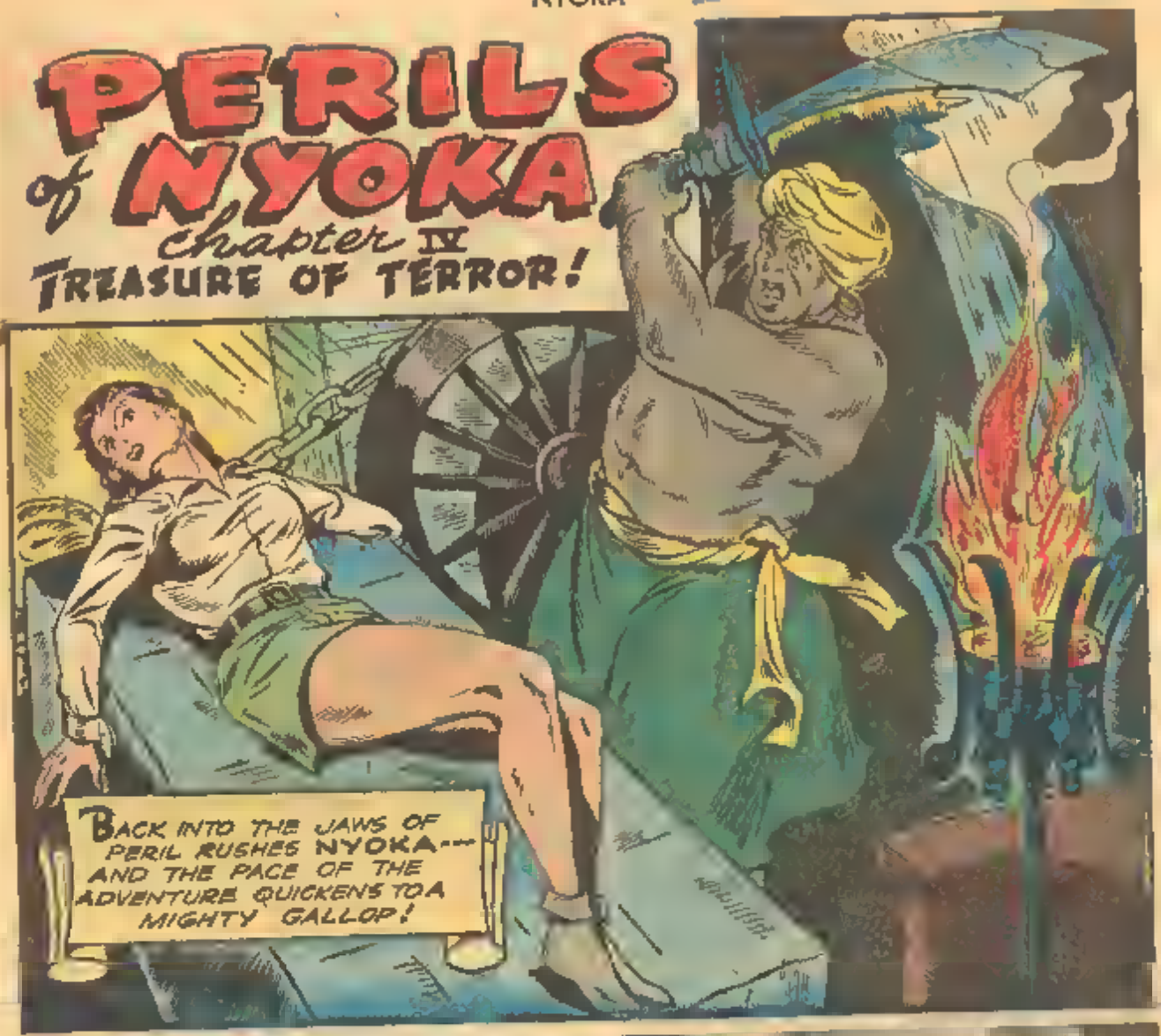

YOU THINK HE'S BACK AT THE TEMPLE?
YES--WHERE HE MAY BE TORTURED OR KILLED!


BE CAREFUL! THINK IT OVER! THEY MAY CATCH YOU, TOO!
NO TIME TO BE CAREFUL! NO TIME TO THINK!

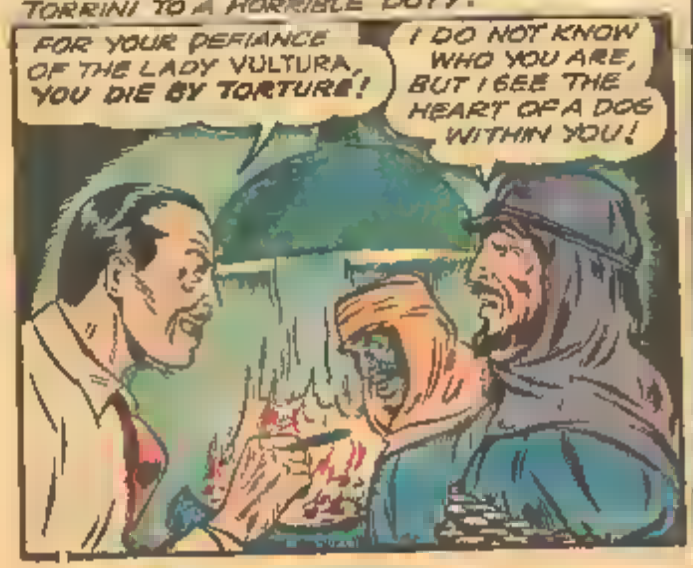

I'LL FREE HIM--SOMEHOW--IF I HAVE TO DO IT ALONE!
BACK TOWARD VULTURA'S STRONGHOLD HEADS NYOKA! WHAT CAN SHE HOPE TO DO SINGLE-HANDED AGAINST SO MANY?

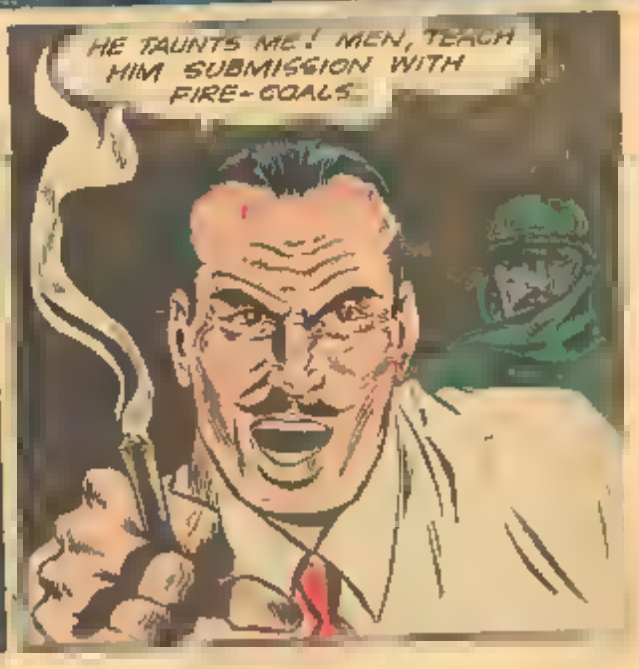
PERILS of NYOKA

Chapter IV
TREASURE OF TERROR!

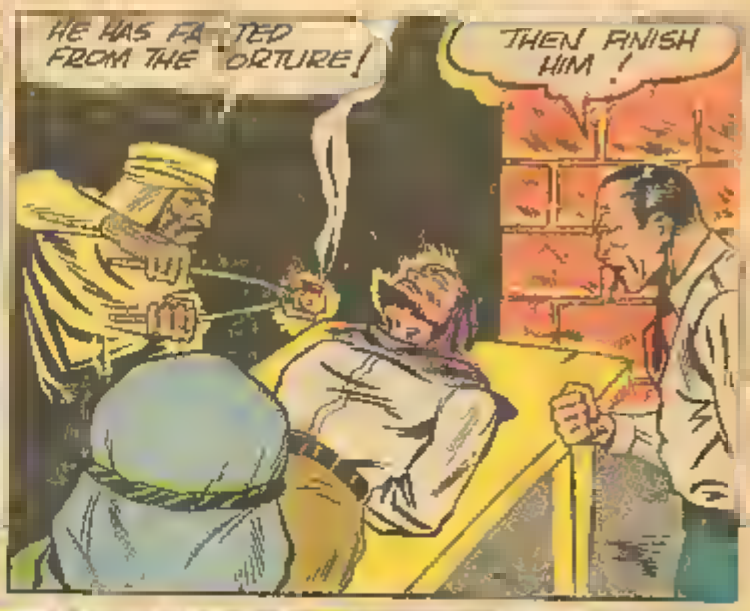


VULTURA IS SEARCHING FOR THE GOLDEN TABLETS BUT DELEGATES HER HENCHMAN TORRINI TO A HORRIBLE DUTY!



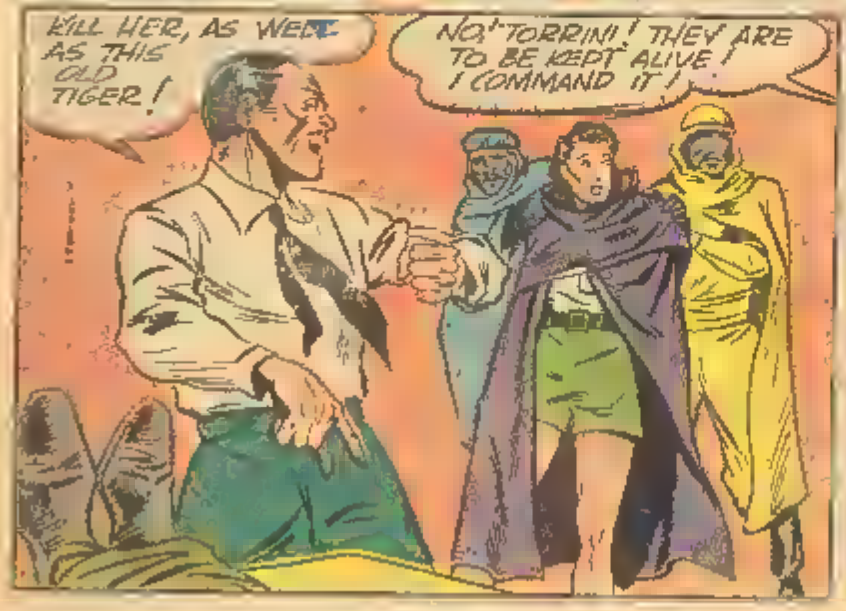



BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT... NYOKA APPROACHES IN DISGUISE
IF I CAN REA THE WINDO...

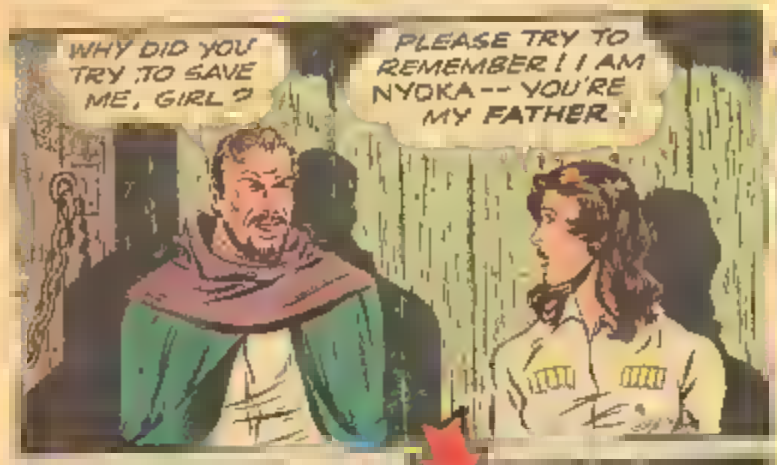

HE HAS FA TED FROM THE ORTURE!
THEN FINISH HIM!

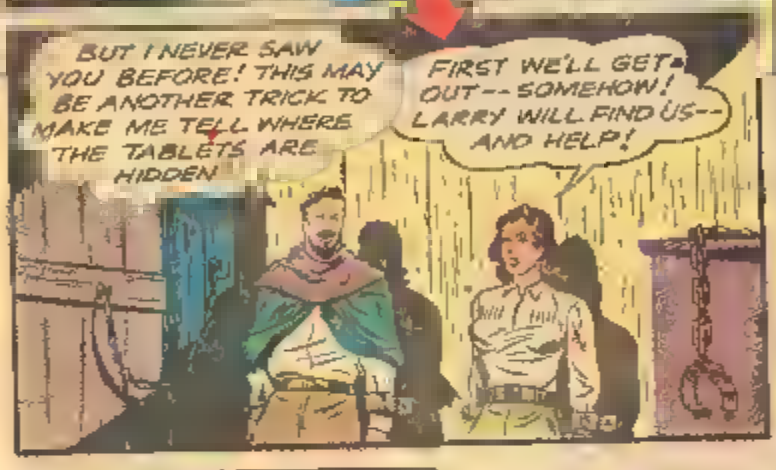

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO... EVEN THOUGH THIS SHOT BRINGS THE GUARD!
AN ASSASSIN!
BANG!


AH-H-H!
IT IS NYOKA! SEIZE HER GUARD! SEIZE HER!


KILL HER, AS WEL AS THIS OLD TIGER!
NO! TORRINI! THEY ARE TO BE KEPT ALIVE! I COMMAND IT!


VULTURA HAS RETURNED!
THEY CAN STILL BE USEFUL TO US! BIND THEM AND SHUT THEM IN THE ADJOINING ROOM!


WHY DID YOU TRY TO SAVE ME, GIRL?
PLEASE TRY TO REMEMBER! I AM NYOKA -- YOU'RE MY FATHER!


BUT I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE! THIS MAY BE ANOTHER TRICK TO MAKE ME TELL WHERE THE TABLETS ARE HIDDEN
FIRST WE'LL GET OUT -- SOMEHOW! LARRY WILL FIND US -- AND HELP!


AND LARRY ARRIVES AS NYOKA SPEAKS.
ANOTHER INFIDEL!

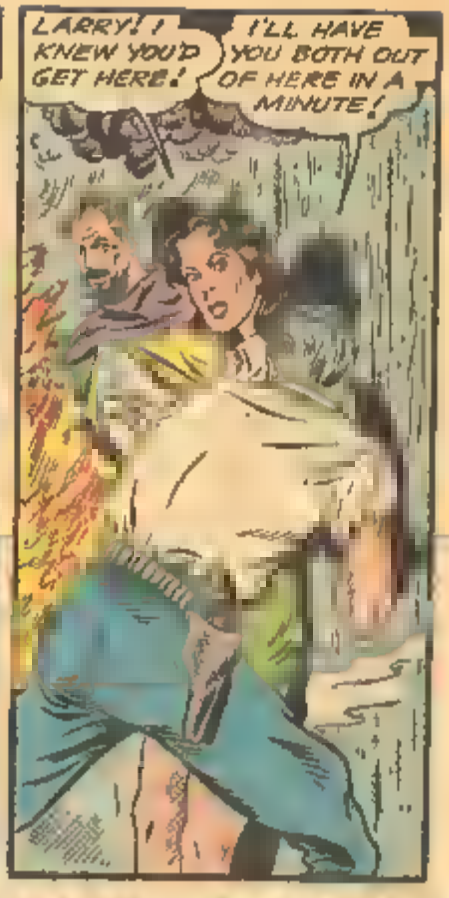

ANOTHER HEADACHE FOR YOU, PAL -- WHEN YOU WAKE UP!


THE BRAZIER FULL OF BURNING COALS IS KNOCKED OVER ---

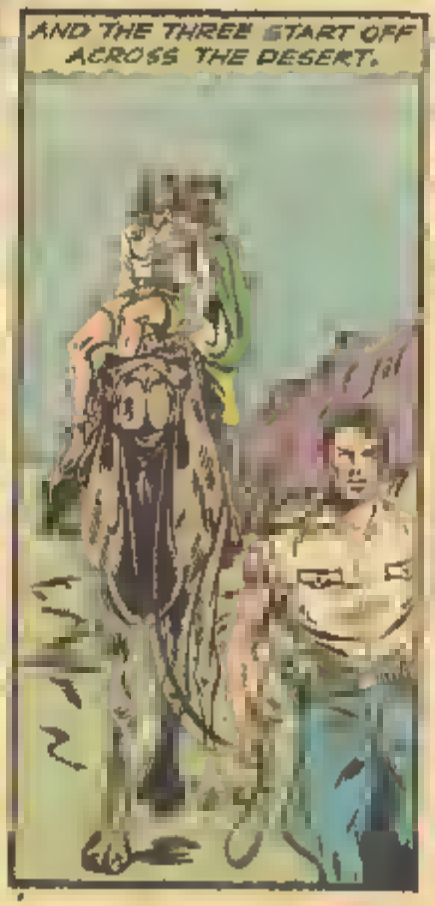

-- AND THE ANCIENT WALLS AND FLOORS BURST INTO FLAME!


QUICK! SAVE ALL MY TREASURES!

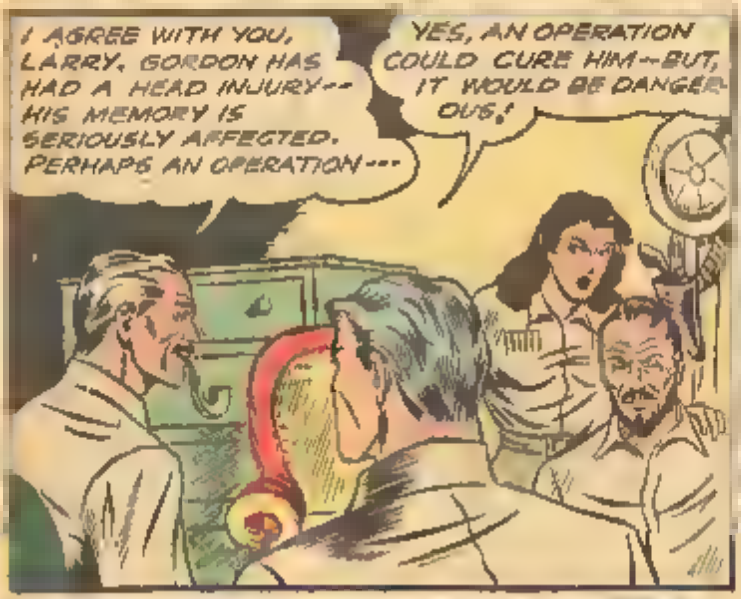

WHILE CONFUSION REIGNS, LARRY SMASHES INTO THE PRISON ROOM!


LARRY! I KNEW YOU'D GET HERE!
I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE!

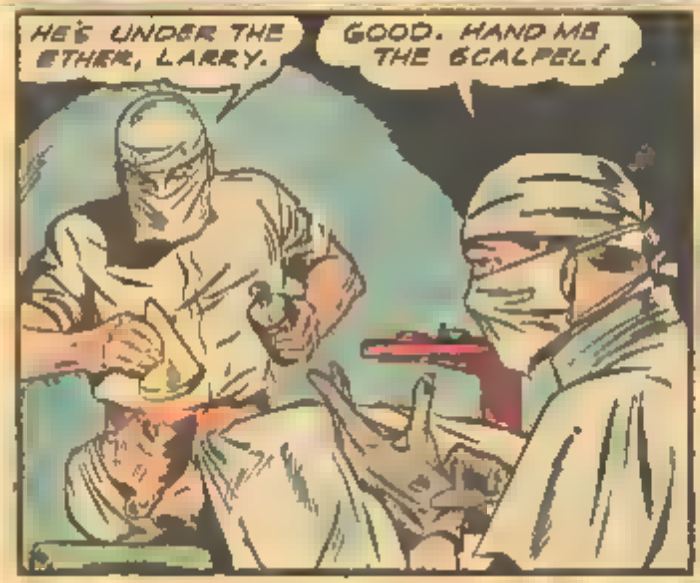

QUICK! GET ON THAT CAMEL, BOTH OF YOU!


AND THE THREE START OFF ACROSS THE DESERT.


NEXT DAY... AT THE HEAD QUARTERS OF DR. CAMPBELL
THREE PERSONS COMING IN FROM THE DESERT, AND THAT LOOKS LIKE --- IT IS LARRY GRAYSON!

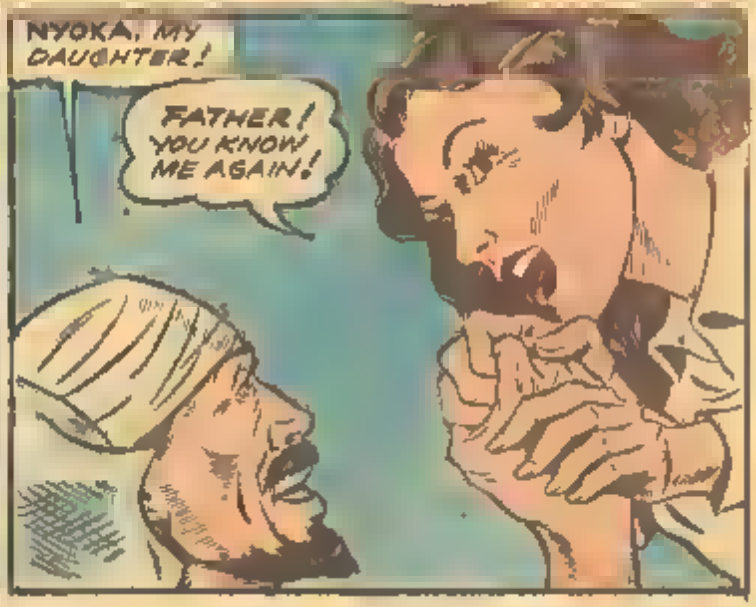

I AGREE WITH YOU, LARRY. GORDON HAS HAD A HEAD INJURY-- HIS MEMORY IS SERIOUSLY AFFECTED. PERHAPS AN OPERATION---
YES, AN OPERATION COULD CURE HIM--BUT, IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS!

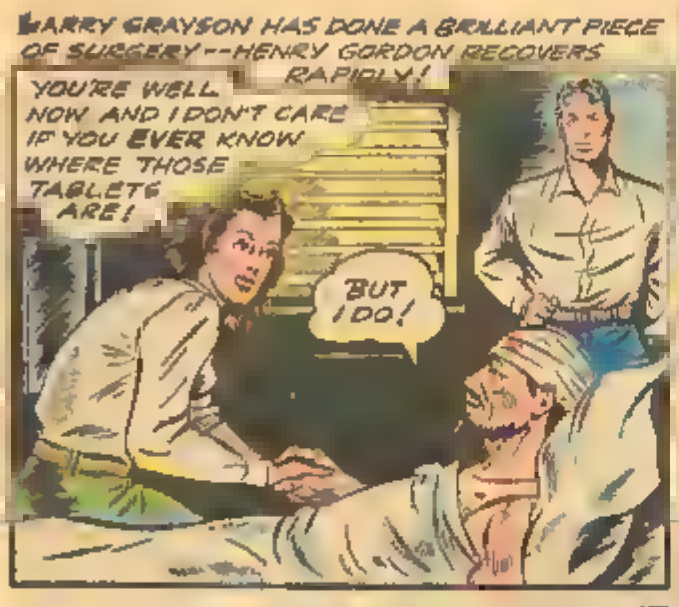

HE WILL FORGET THIS NEW SAVAGE LIFE--- BUT HE WILL ALSO FORGET WHERE THE TABLETS ARE HIDDEN!
THAT DOESN'T MATTER LARRY--YOU MUST OPERATE.


HE'S UNDER THE ETHER, LARRY.
GOOD. HAND ME THE SCALPEL!

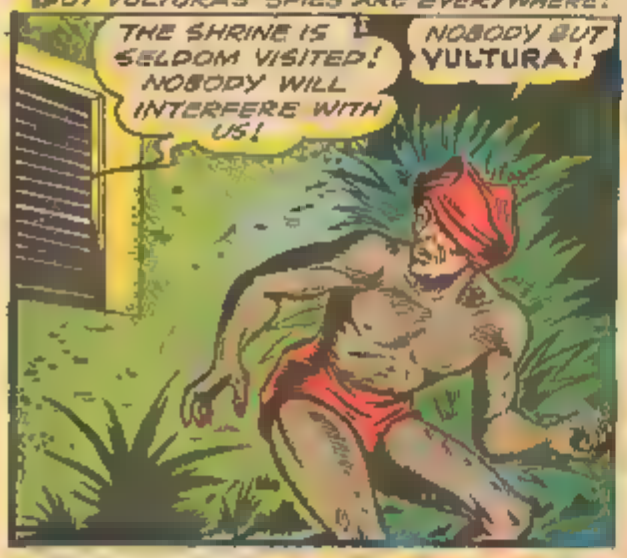

A BRAIN OPERATION--- DELICATE-- DANGEROUS-- BUT I TRUST LARRY!

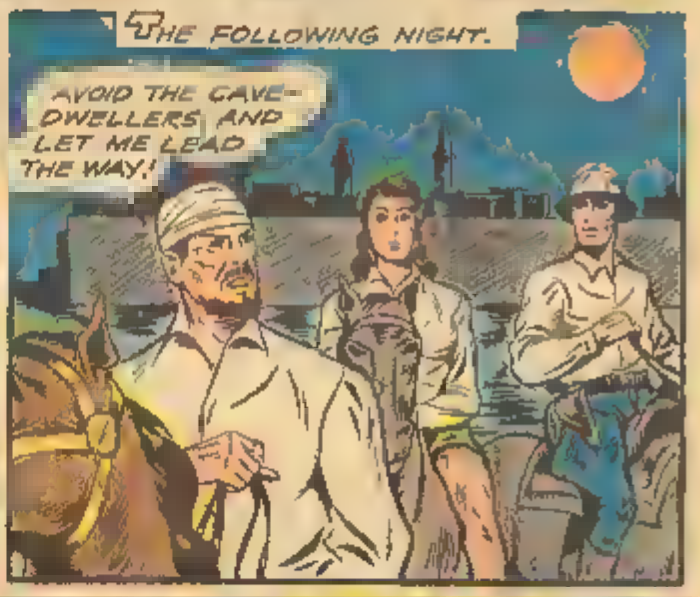

SOME HOURS LATER...
YOU CAN SEE YOUR FATHER NOW NYOKA!
OH, TAKE ME TO HIM!

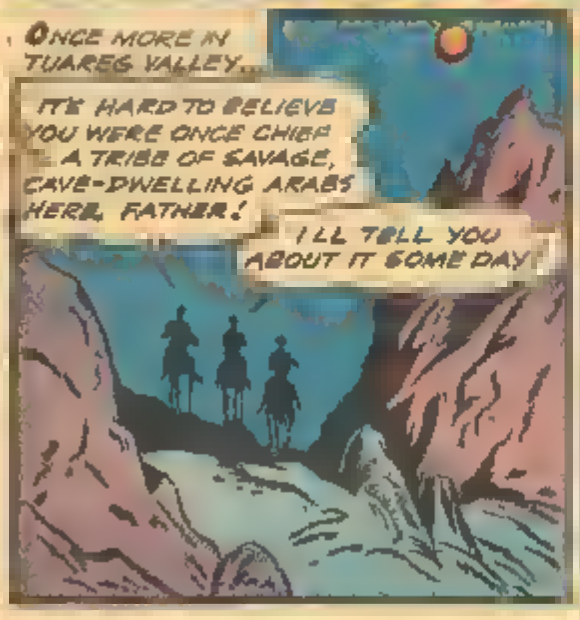

NYOKA, MY DAUGHTER!
FATHER! YOU KNOW ME AGAIN!


LARRY GRAYSON HAS DONE A BRILLIANT PIECE OF SURGERY--HENRY GORDON RECOVERS RAPIDLY!
YOU'RE WELL NOW AND I DON'T CARE IF YOU EVER KNOW WHERE THOSE TABLETS ARE!
BUT I DO!

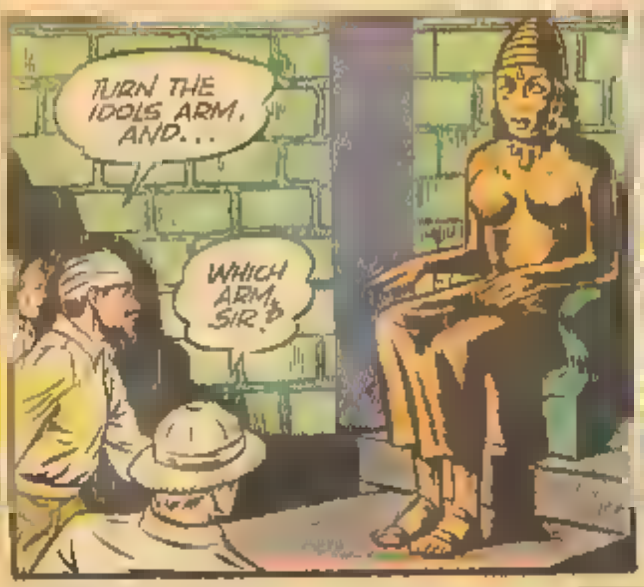

FOR... GORDON'S MEMORY IS PERFECT!
I PUT THEM IN THE SHRINE OF THE MOON GODDESS FOR SAFE KEEPING! BACK IN TUAREG VALLEY.
WE'LL LEAVE AS SOON AS YOU ARE ABLE.


BUT VULTURA'S SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE!
THE SHRINE IS SELDOM VISITED! NOBODY WILL INTERFERE WITH US!
NOBODY BUT VULTURA!


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.
AVOID THE CAVE-DWELLERS AND LET ME LEAD THE WAY!

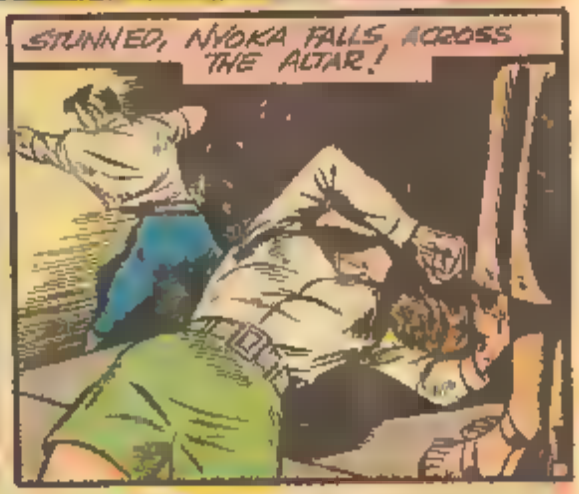

ONCE MORE IN TUAREG VALLEY...
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOU WERE ONCE CHIEF OF A TRIBE OF SAVAGE, CAVE-DWELLING ARABS HERE, FATHER!
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOME DAY!


THE SHRINE OF THE MOON-GODDESS...
INSIDE IS AN IMAGE OF THE GODDESS! PULL ON HER ARM, AND THE HIDING PLACE IS REVEALED!

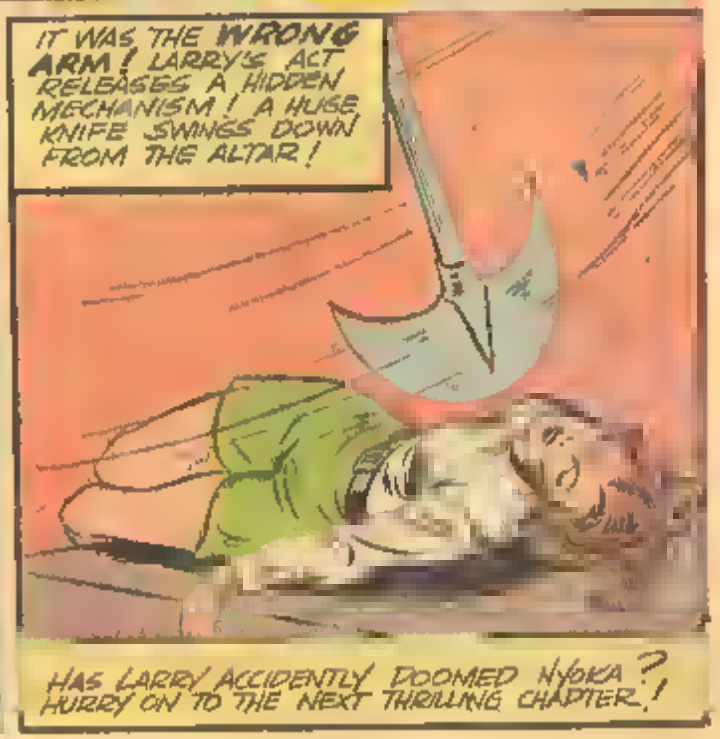

TURN THE IDOLS ARM, AND...
WHICH ARM, SIR?


WE'VE TRAPPED THEM AGAIN...AND THIS TIME THE TR IS OURS!


YOU'VE TRAPPED US! SO WHAT!
A-R-R-R!


STUNNED, NYOKA FALLS ACROSS THE ALTAR!


MUST FIND TABLETS... GET THEM AWAY...

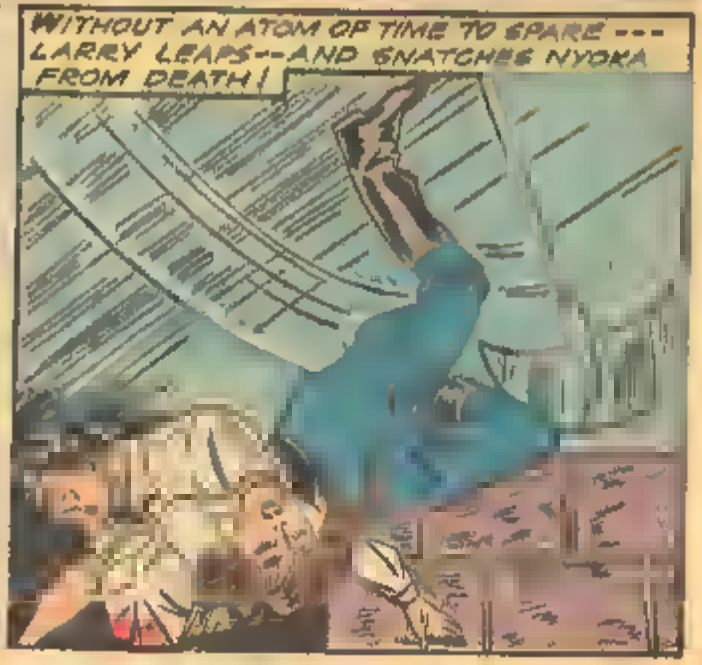

IT WAS THE WRONG ARM! LARRY'S ACT RELEASES A HIDDEN MECHANISM! A HUGE KNIFE SWINGS DOWN FROM THE ALTAR!
HAS LARRY ACCIDENTLY DOOMED NYOKA? HURRY ON TO THE NEXT THRILLING CHAPTER!

PERILS of NYOKA

CHAPTER V.

THE FINGER OF FATE

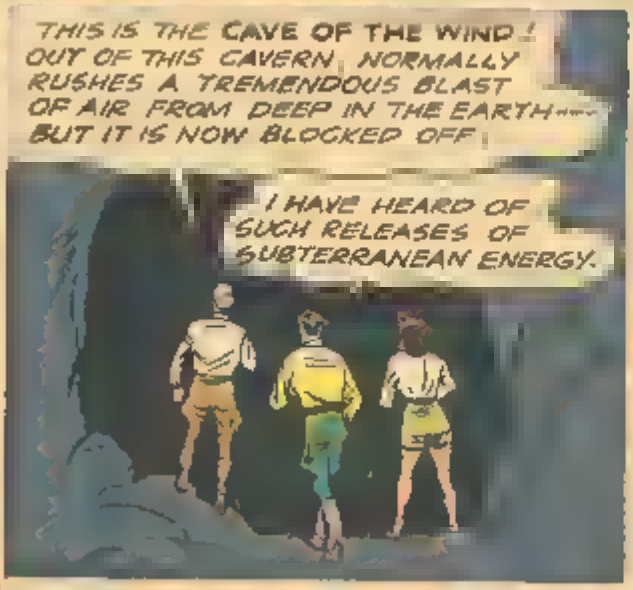
INTO THE CAVE OF THE WIND WHERE A NEW TERROR STRIKES OUT FROM THE CORE OF THE EARTH!



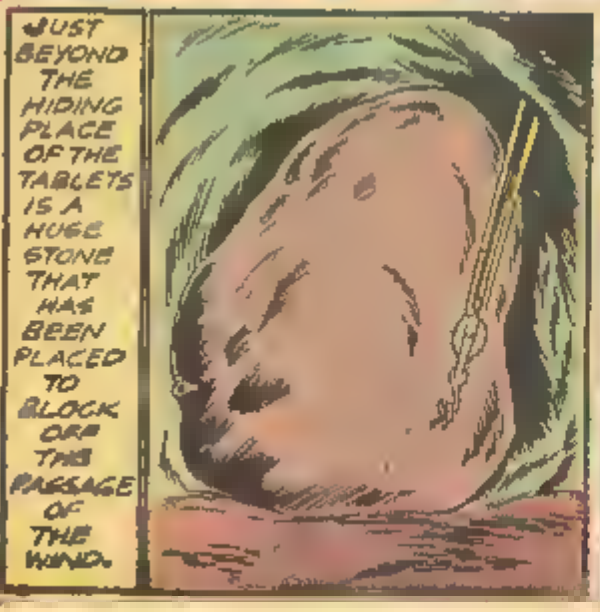

AS LARRY CARRIES NYOKA FROM THE MELEE GORDON SCRAMBLES UP THE IDOL AND TWISTS ITS HEAD!
ANOTHER OF MY TRAPS — THIS IDOL IS ALSO A FLAME THROWER!
NYOKA YOU'RE ALL RIGHT AGAIN GOOD! NOW TAKE THAT PASSAGE! QUICK-- WHILE THE ENEMY IS STILL DEMORALIZED!
THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE I HID THE GOLDEN TABLETS!
THEY'RE IN THIS CHEST! WHAT ---
IT'S EMPTY!
THIS IS A TUAREG SYMBOL- THE TABLETS HAVE BEEN TAKEN BACK THERE. WE MUST RETURN TO TUAREG VALLEY!
SO BACK IN TUAREG VALLEY ONCE MORE, GORDON SEEKS OUT HIS FORMER LIEUTENANT....
YES! TABLETS NOW IN CAVE OF WIND!
THANKS LHOBA WE'LL GET THEM AT ONCE!

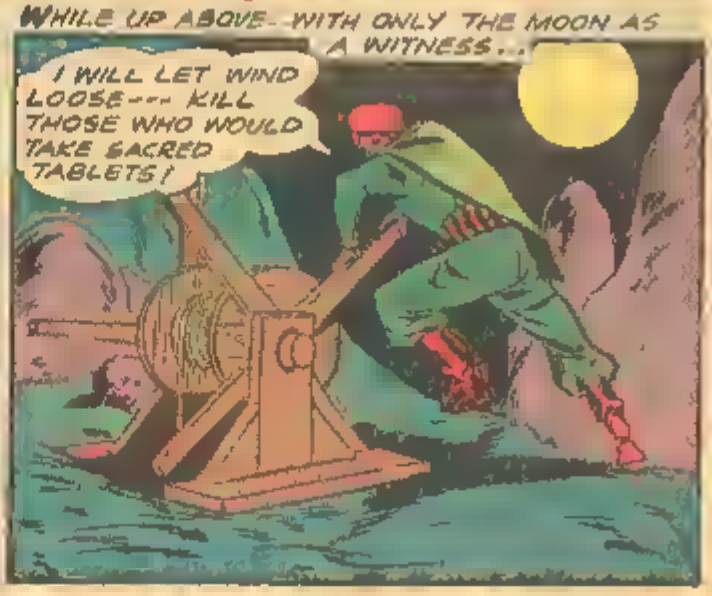

MUST NOT! TABLETS STAY HERE IN TUAREG VALLEY!
YOU FORGET YOURSELF LHOBA I AM STILL YOUR MASTER


DO YOUR WILL... BUT LHOBA WARNS YOU...
THAT WILL DO! WE GO!


THIS IS THE CAVE OF THE WIND! OUT OF THIS CAVERN NORMALLY RUSHES A TREMENDOUS BLAST OF AIR FROM DEEP IN THE EARTH--- BUT IT IS NOW BLOCKED OFF.
I HAVE HEARD OF SUCH RELEASES OF SUBTERRANEAN ENERGY.

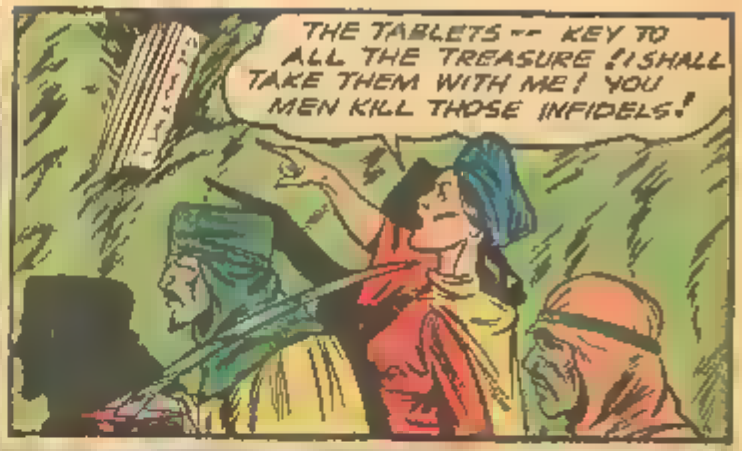

AR INSIDE THE CAVE...
THE TABLETS! AT LAST WE HAVE FOUND THEM!

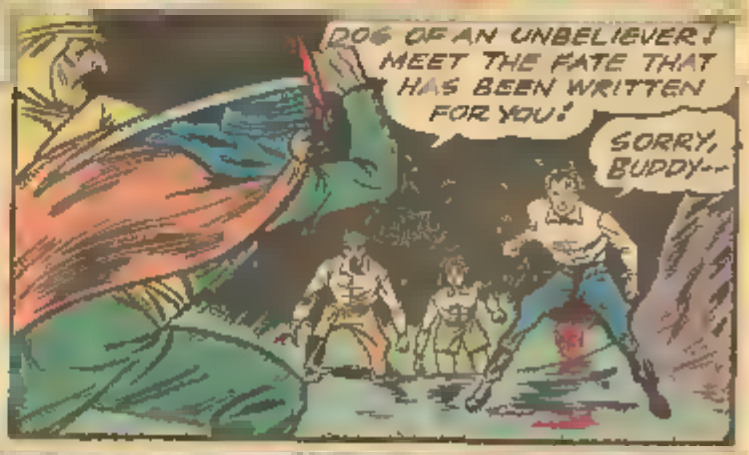

JUST BEYOND THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TABLETS IS A HUGE STONE THAT HAS BEEN PLACED TO BLOCK OFF THIS PASSAGE OF THE WIND.


WHILE UP ABOVE--WITH ONLY THE MOON AS A WITNESS...
I WILL LET WIND LOOSE--- KILL THOSE WHO WOULD TAKE SACRED TABLETS!


HOBA WINDS UP THE WINDLASS AND THE MIGHTY AIR PRESSURE IN THE BLOCKED PASSAGE IS LOOSED!
WOOSH
HELP US, LARRY!
I CAN'T STAND AGAINST
I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!
WOOSH
FIGHTING AGAINST THE TEARING BLAST LARRY PULLS HIMSELF TOWARD THE GREAT STONE!
HE APPLIES ALL HIS MIGHT TO MOVE THE GREAT ROCK BACK INTO PLACE. IT MOVES -- AN INCH -- A FOOT -- THEN --
SUCCESS!
WELL, THAT WAS CLOSE. BUT EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW.


BUT MEANWHILE..
THEIR TRACKS LEAD HERE. THE TABLETS MUST BE WITHIN!


THE TABLETS -- KEY TO ALL THE TREASURE! I SHALL TAKE THEM WITH ME! YOU MEN KILL THOSE INFIDELS!


DOG OF AN UNBELIEVER! MEET THE FATE THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN FOR YOU!
SORRY, BUDDY--


--I CAN'T READ THAT LANGUAGE!


ULK! LET G-G-GO!
I'LL LET YOU GO--OVER THE CLIFF--UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHERE VULTURA HAS GONE!


SHE HAS GONE TO WADI BARTHA
THE FORBIDDEN CITY

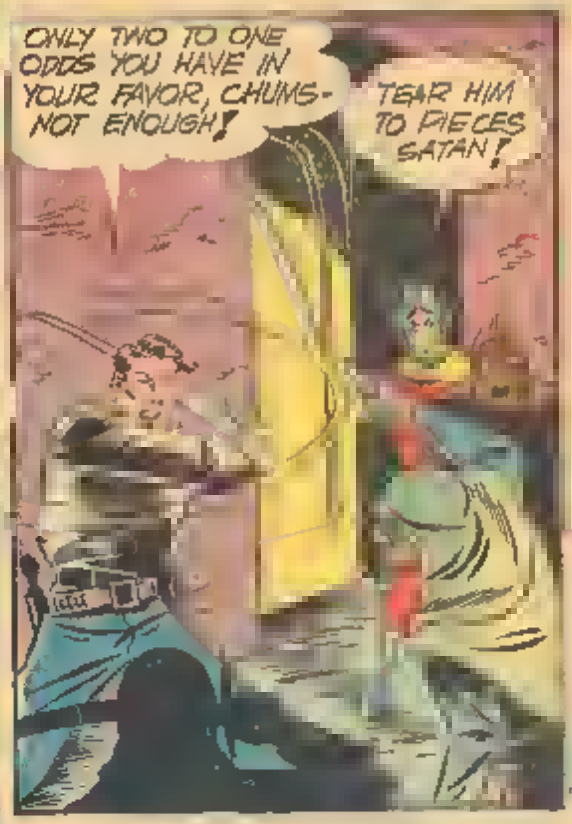

NEXT MORNING, AT WADI BARTHA...
OH, SHEIK, I SEEK ONE WHO CAN DECIPHER ANCIENT WRITINGS!
AH, BEAUTIFUL STRANGER, SURELY I WOULD BE GLAD TO HELP ONE SO FAIR AS YOU!
MASTER, HERE IS A BEGGAR WHO CLAIMS THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS!
PERHAPS THIS RAGGED SCHOLAR CAN HELP YOU, BEAUTIFUL ONE!
IT IS THE SNEAKING UNBELIEVER!
HOWDY, VULTURA, YOU OLD SWEET THING!
SHOW HIM THE TABLETS, AHMED, AND SEE IF HE CAN READ THEM!
YES, MISTRESS. WAIT! HIS ARE NOT THE HANDS OF A BEGGAR! THEY ARE OF A FIGHTING MAN!
SHOWDOWN..
I FOLLOWED YOU AND YOUR CUT THROATS TO GET THESE TABLETS-- AND I'LL FIGHT ALL OF WADI BARTHA FOR THEM!
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
THE FINAL, FURIOUS ROUND IN THIS BATTLE FOR UNTOLD WEALTH IS AT HAND!!

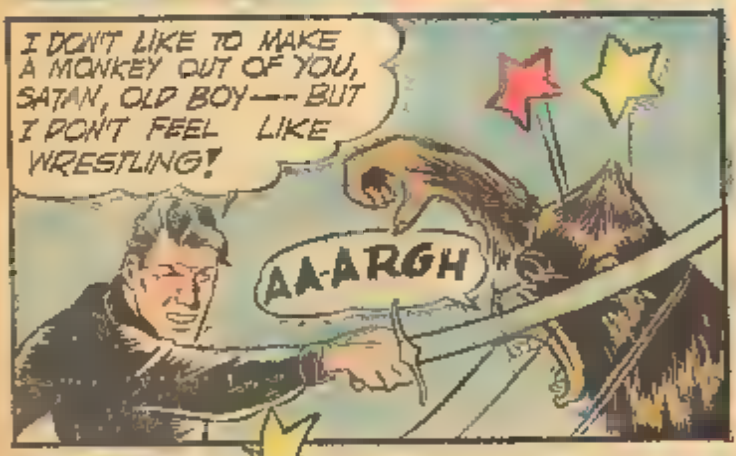
PERILS OF NYOKA

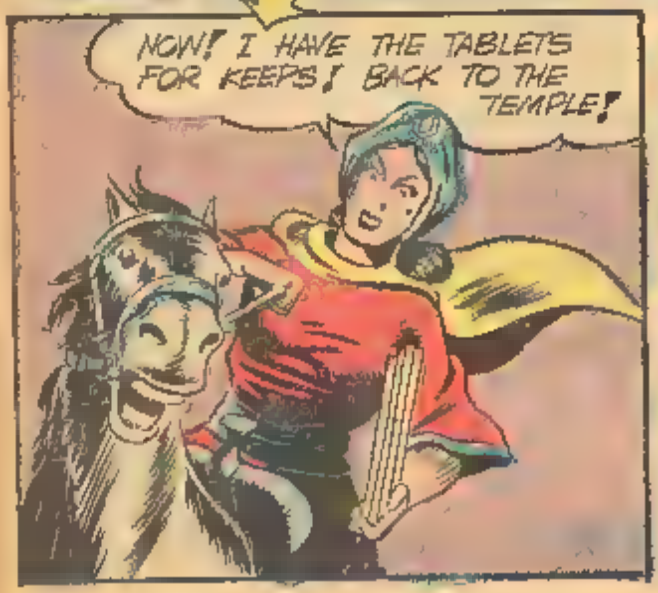
CHAPTER VI
CLIMAX OF CONQUEST

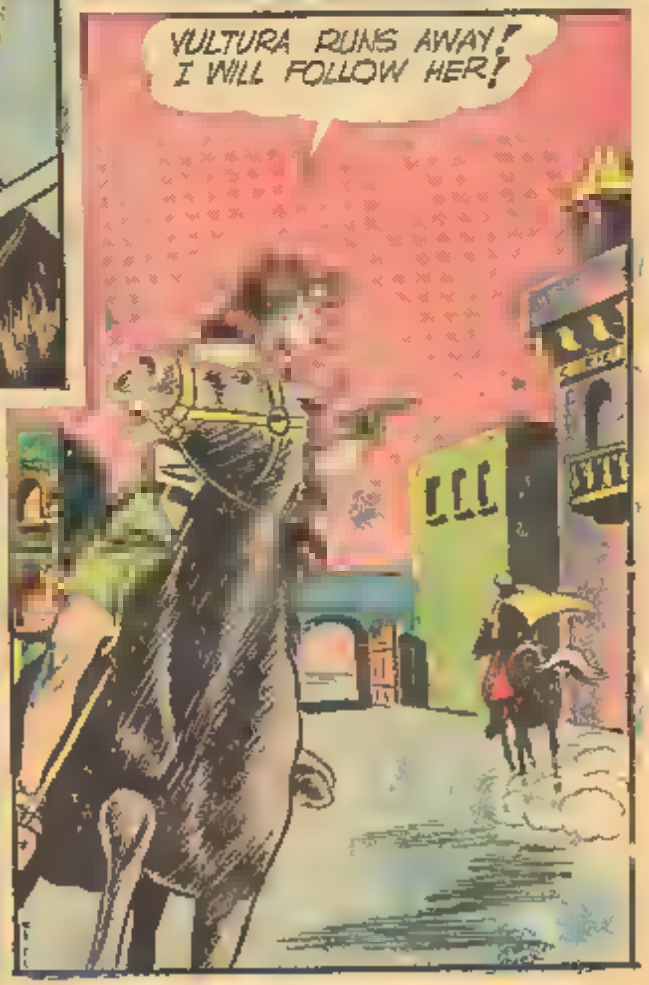
VICTORY FOR ONE--
DEATH FOR THE LOSER
SO IT IS --WRITTEN


FLEE! THEY ARE TOO MUCH FOR US!


ONLY TWO TO ONE ODDS YOU HAVE IN YOUR FAVOR, CHUMS- NOT ENOUGH!
TEAR HIM TO PIECES SATAN!


I DON'T LIKE TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF YOU, SATAN, OLD BOY--- BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE WRESTLING!
AA-ARGH


NOW! I HAVE THE TABLETS FOR KEEPS! BACK TO THE TEMPLE!


VULTURA RUNS AWAY! I WILL FOLLOW HER!


ONCE MORE IN HER TEMPLE
THESE HIEROGLYPHICS -- I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THEM!


IT SAYS THE TREASURE IS HERE — IN MY OWN TEMPLE!


HERE AL THE TIME — UNDER IS FLOOR! UNTOLD RICHES -- ALL MINE! I CAN BUY POWER TO OVERWHELM THE WORLD!


BUT JUST OUTSIDE VULTURA'S STRONGHOLD
I'LL CATCH UP WITH VULTURA ONCE AND FOR ALL!

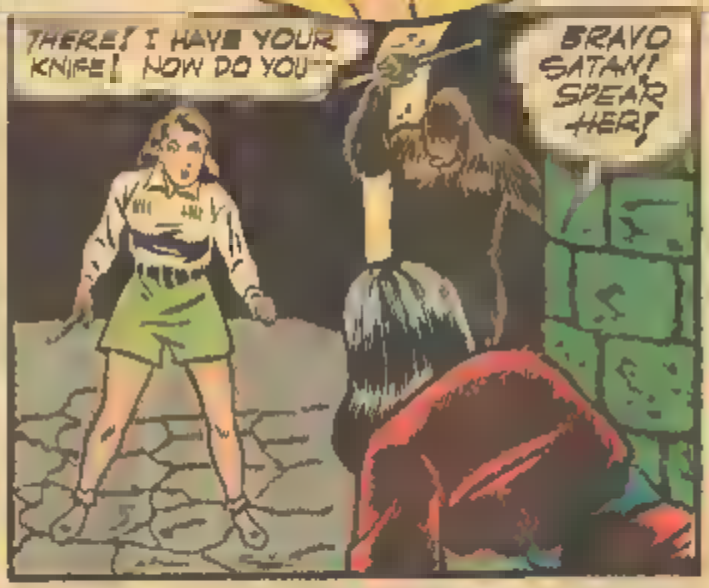

BUT NYOKA IS ALSO FOLLOWED BY THE HIDEOUS APE, SATAN — HIS BRUTE MIND STILL FAITHFUL TO HIS EVIL MISTRESS!


SEEMS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING VULTURA! LET ME HAVE THOSE TABLETS!


YOU WANT THEM? THERE THEY ARE!


NOW I'LL KILL YOU!


NO YOU DON'T!
I WILL CUT OUT YOUR HEART!


THERE! I HAVE YOUR KNIFE! NOW DO YOU--
BRAVO SATAN! SPEAR HER!

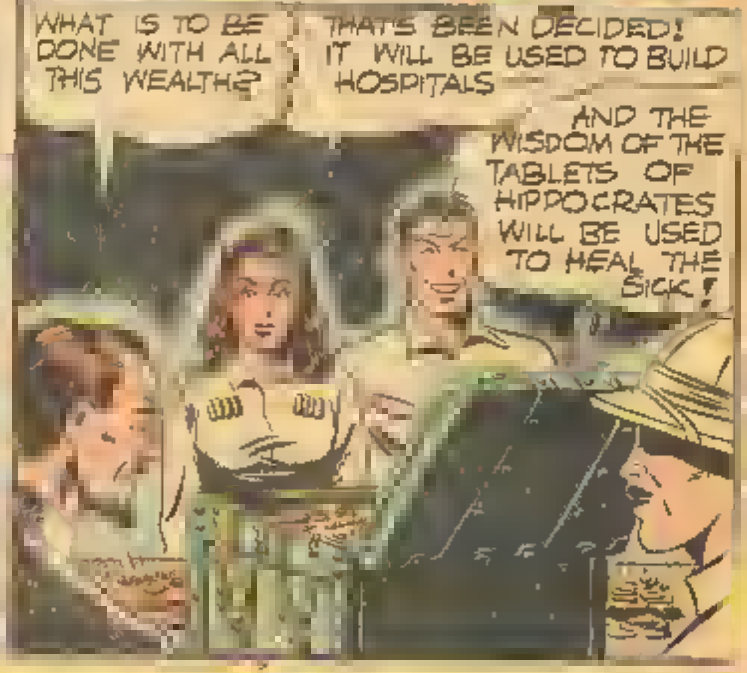

BUT NYOKA DUCKS AND--
NO! N-O O-O-O!!

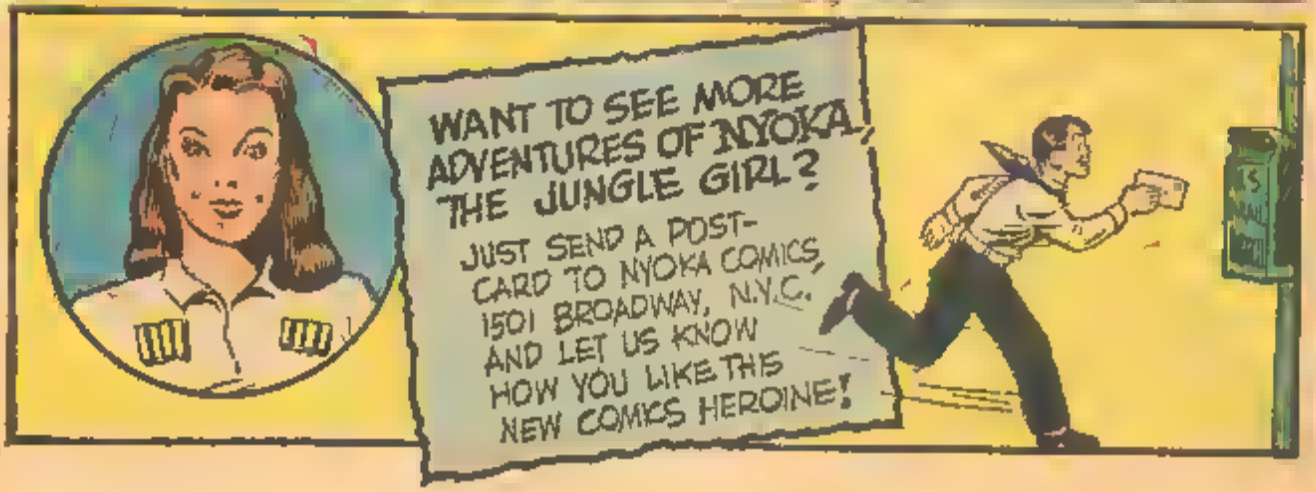

EE-EEYAH!


AND NOW NYOKA FACES A CERTAIN AND TERRIBLE DOOM-- BUT A SHADOW FALLS ON THE WALL


AND THAT'S THE END OF SATAN!


WE'VE WON EVERYTHING-- THE J LETS -- THE TREASURE!
YES, A D THE BATTLE! I'M ALMOST SORRY IT'S ALL OVER!


WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH ALL THIS WEALTH?
THAT'S BEEN DECIDED! IT WILL BE USED TO BUILD HOSPITALS
AND THE WISDOM OF THE TABLETS OF HIPPOCRATES WILL BE USED TO HEAL THE SICK!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JUST SEND A POST-CARD TO NYOKA COMICS, 1501 BROADWAY, N.Y.C. AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THIS NEW COMICS HEROINE!

THE THREE LEGIONNAIRES

BY NATHANIEL NITKIN

THREE KITTYHAWKS raced westward, through the hot air of the Sahara's Hoggar Plateau. They carried French wing markings, and on their fuselages were painted the Lorraine Cross of the Free French Forces. Their tail emblems were unusual; their colors were those of the French Foreign Legion.

The three pilots in the racing Kittyhawks were Legionnaires, the pride of General Oudinot's forces. The leader, flying the sleek fighter in the section Vee's apex, was an American, Lieutenant Timothy Dolan, with years of experience in the hard-fighting French Foreign Legion. When the Legion Air Corps was formed at the start of the war, he was the first to get a transfer.

The others were Gregor Petrakovich, a tall, bearded Cossack who had fought with Kolchak and was exiled when Kolchak lost; and Juan Almeria, formerly the ace of the Spanish Loyalists. Thrown together by the relentless course of the war, the Three Légionnaires had become inseparable companions.

Tim flipped open the radio mike switch and said, "Listen, pals, we'll be over the Tuareg oasis in a few minutes. Remember what we're here for. We can speak Tuareg dialect."

"The Tuaregs fight only for themselves," Juan remarked doubtfully.

"That's why we must show them they have a lot to lose by not joining us," Tim said. "You know it's a big job to invade Libya from the south and force the Axis to draw men from the main front. We Legionnaires and Mekharis can do it, but if we get these Tuaregs to help us, we'll do more than raid southern Libya. We'll capture the southern Libyan oases and hold them. That's General Oudinot's plan."

Neither Juan nor Gregor replied, and Tim shut off the mike. He watched the dazzling white sands, punctured by black shadows of sand dunes, unroll before his eyes. Then he saw the Tuareg oasis.

The level sandy plain beside the oasis was just large enough to let the Kittyhawks land in formation. Tim disembarked first, and stood by his machine, waiting for the Tuaregs to advance. Gregor and Juan stayed in their fighters in case of an attack.

Presently a Tuareg squad came to them. The men were tall, with masked veils of *bournous* cloth over their faces. Their eyelids were painted with a purple color, *kohl*. They were not effeminate, as the veils and painted eyelids seemed to indicate. They were the fiercest fighters of the Sahara, tougher than even the war-like Senussi. And as he surveyed them, Tim reflected that a squad of Tuaregs were worth more than a whole Camel Corps of roving Bedouins.

Tim spoke rapidly in clipped Tuareg dialect. The Tuaregs responded, and Tim was surprised to hear that the Three Legionnaires had been expected. However he knew that news crossed the parched stretches of the desert in a mysterious manner, much older than radio, but efficient nevertheless. He signalled Gregor and Juan to leave their kites.

With a few armed men left behind to guard the Kittyhawks, the Tuaregs led the Three Legionnaires into the village of brilliantly colored tents. In the center of the village was a large green and orange tent, embroidered by gold arabesque designs. It was the *ahlal*, the residence of the Tuareg queen. The Tuaregs, unlike the Arabs, were ruled by queens rather than by sheikhs and emirs.

When the Three Legionnaires were ushered into her presence, the queen rose to meet them. She took Tim's breath away. She was tall, perfectly proportioned. Her face had the strong statuesque perfection of Tuareg women. She was Hagar, ruler of the Hoggar Tuaregs.

Queen Hagar bid her guests to sit in cushions not far from her throne. Then she said with a silk, musical voice, "Hear me, O' Strangers, we know the purpose of thy presence. No, please don't interrupt. It is useless. We will not join thy General Oudinot, no matter how much we admire thy valiant leader."

Tim was surprised by the queen's direct refusal. Nevertheless he had been prepared for such an emergency, and he said: "O' Noble Queen of the Tuaregs, hear what I have to say. This is not war. It is a desperate fight for survival. If the despicable enemy wins, what will you be? A slave to Axis drunkards! And thy people? They will be ruthlessly massacred as the Fascists massacred the Senusi."

Queen Hagar shook her head with a smile. "Nay, the despicable enemy army cannot touch us. They may look and they may hunt for us, but they lack the wit to find us. We shall attack them our own way. Honorable strangers, this is our decision. We fight only for ourselves."

THE MEETING was thrown into a turmoil when a dust stained Tuareg brushed past the guards and prostrated himself before the queen.

"Hear me, O' Queen. The cowardly eater of gnats, Mohammed Ali, is approaching this moment with a strong army. There are also men from beyond the far away blue sea."

Seizing initiative, Tim turned to the Queen. "We know these men from the far away sea. They are our enemy and yours. Let us take to air like hawks of war and help you."

The queen shook her head. "Nay, there never has been a time when Tuaregs asked help from strangers."

Then the unmistakable rumble of airplane engines pierced the air. The Three Legionnaires looked at each other and at Queen Hegar. All at once the assemblage ran to the tent flap, out of the *ahlal*.

Six Italian Macchis they were, peeling off from a right step echelon formation. They dived on the Tuareg village with yammering guns that cut a swath through the hot air. Slugs nailed men and women as they ran through the tent streets. Then the Macchis zoomed, their powerful engines mocking the angered but seemingly helpless Tuaregs.

Tim turned to the queen. "The men from beyond the blue seas, our enemies, have declared war on thy Tuaregs."

He patted Gregor and Juan on the back. In English he yelled, "Come on. We'll give these babies some opposition."

Gregor snorted, "Opposition? You're getting old, my *Americanski* friend. When they see a Don Cossack, they turn tail like whipped curs."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

It was a wait of only a few minutes to warm the motors, but seemingly long, for the Macchis continued to straffe the Tuaregs mercilessly.

From a cluster of date figs came the vengeful bark of a hidden machine gun. The foremost diving Macchi trembled under the hail of lead. A tendril of smoke oozed from its engine cowl. It came out of its dive and stalled. Then it burst into a violent rash of fire.

Tim glanced at the burning Macchi as he took off. The Tuareg gunner was good. Odds were now five Macchis to the Three Legionnaires' Kittyhawks.

THE MACCHIS' diving attack on the three Kittyhawks had been a blunder. The Tuareg gunner had seen to that, and now the Italians were momentarily disorganized.

Tim seized his chance and led his Kittyhawks on a quick chandelle, skidding into Italian ranks. He centered the foremost Macchi in his ring sight and jabbed the solenoid switch on the top of his stick.

His Browning machine guns coughed and stuttered. He saw his tracers reach out for his Macchi and nail it in the air before the Fascist could break out of his trance. He slapped on more rudder, and saw holes walk along the Macchi's fuselage toward the cockpit. They clumped into the transparent cowling canopy, shattering the plexiglass. The Fascist pilot suddenly stiffened as crûel slugs tore into his chest. He swayed to and fro, blood fountaining out of the corners of his mouth and out of his nostrils. Then he slumped and the Macchi plummeted toward the desert.

Tim glanced around to see how the battle was progressing. The Three Legionnaires' sudden and unexpected attack had struck down three Macchis. The other two Fascists were turning tail to flee.

Tim flipped on the radio mike. "Gregor and Juan, take the crate on the right. I'll take care of the other bird."

"Aye, remember what the Fascists did to Guernica," Juan swore.

"And another Fascist for the Son of the Don!" Gregor roared.

The American Kittyhawk planes were too much for the slower and less armed Macchis. They found fiery graves in the hot sands of the Hoggar. Then the Three Legionnaires rendezvoused and banked eastward.

To the combined surprise of Gregor and Juan, Tim did not land in the Tuareg village. Instead, he wagged his wings and continued eastward, to General Oudinot's camp.

"I HOPE you are right," General Oudinot said doubtfully after Tim reported the events of the day. Even Gregor and Juan, who usually trusted Tim's judgment without question, had their doubts.

"Well, we've lots of time," Tim said. "Give the Tuaregs a chance to thrash Mohammed Ali. The bandit was counting on Italian air support and was walking boldly into Tuareg guns the last time we saw him." He yawned. "The Tuaregs will come. You'll see."

Tim was right. Toward evening, General Oudinot's bivouac was thrown into an uproar when sentries saw a large camel corps of Tuaregs in battle array, approach. The Legionnaires and Mekharis ran to their guns and stood by attentively. But the Tuaregs did not lift a hand.

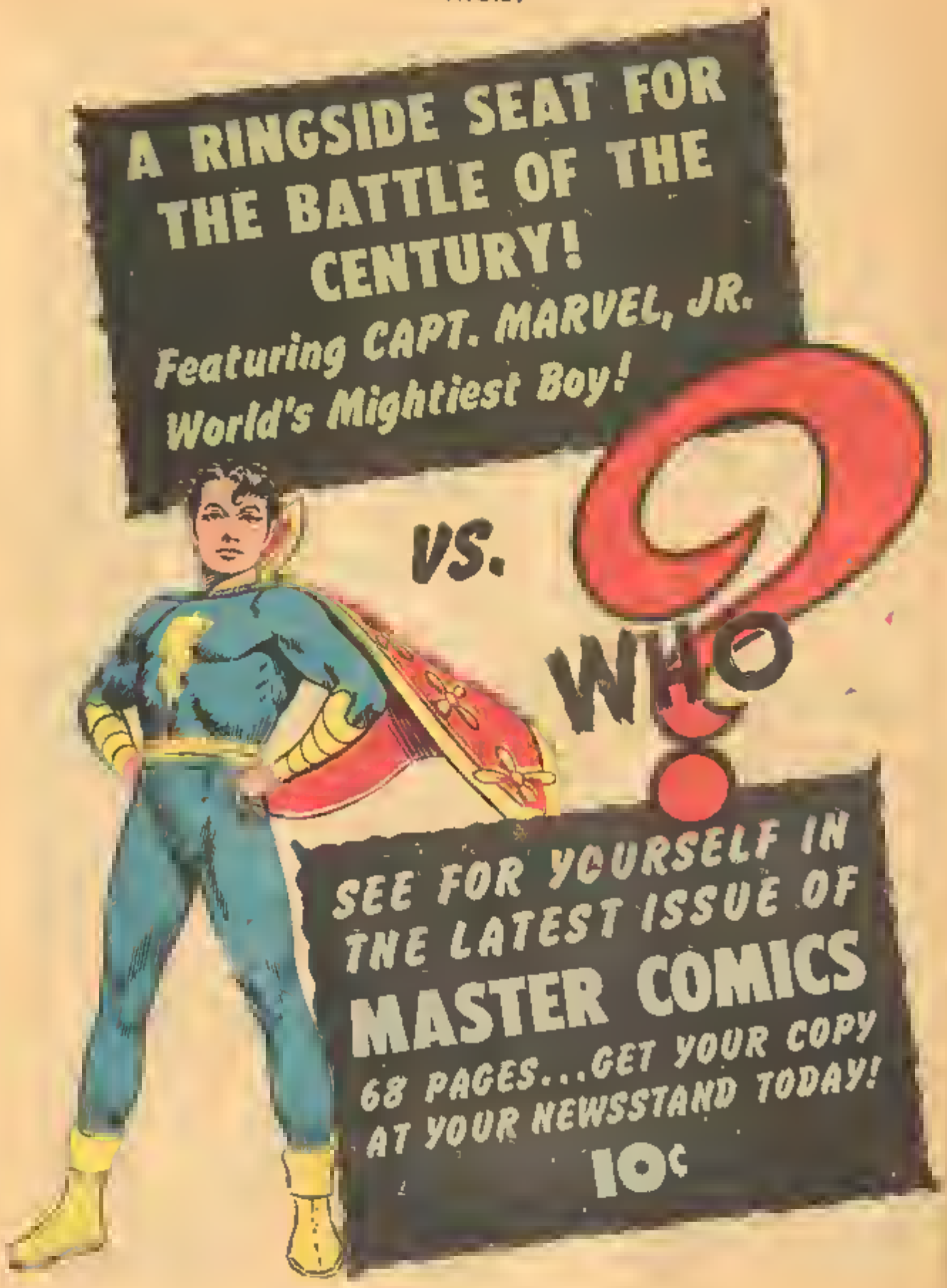
Then they filed into the camp and herracked their camels alongside those of the Mekharis. The Tuaregs were joining General Oudinot's Fighting French force!

General Oudinot was in a daze when he called the Three Legionnaires.

"Oh, it's simple," Tim said. "The Italian attack helped. The fact we fought them without asking Queen Hagar for permission turned the trick. You see, if we asked, we'd have hurt her pride. By attacking the Italians as though we were the Tuaregs' allies, and by letting Queen Hagar's men trounce Mohammed Ali all by themselves, we prevented them from losing face."

Tim saw a pack of American cigarettes on General Oudinot's desk and helped himself. "The Italians' attack convinced Queen Hagar that I was right, but she did not want to admit it in my presence. The way to treat a woman is to give her a chance to make up her mind."

The End


A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!
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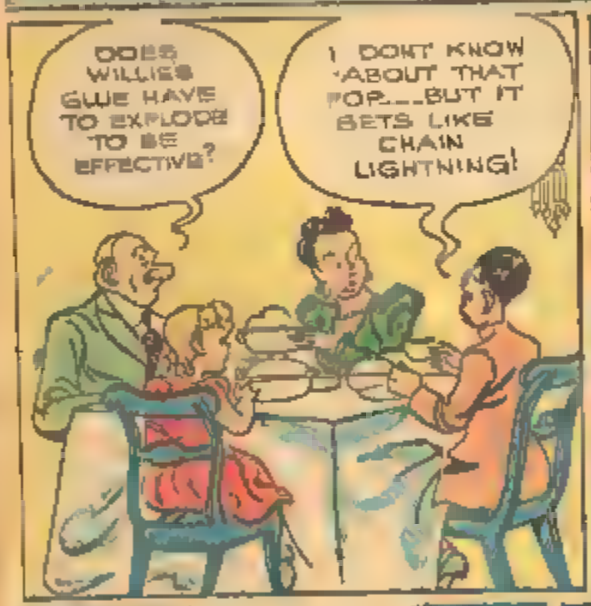
WILLIE WYNN

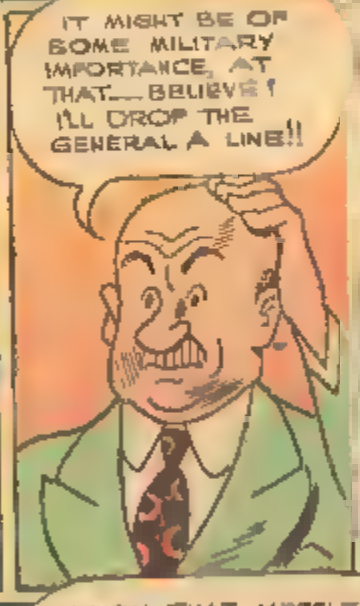

MARVEL GLUE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
WHILE PUTTERING IN A SHED BESIDE THE WYNN GARAGE ATTEMPTING TO INVENT A PLASTIC FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE HE INVENTS A SPECIAL GLUE!!!
WHEW! WHAT A STENCH!...WHAT'S IN IT BESIDES OLD RUBBER BOOTS?
BEESWAX AND A LOT OF CHEMICALS AND STUFF DOC JONES TOSSED OUT OF HIS LABRATORY!!
NOW I'LL ADD BENZINE TO THIN IT A BIT!!


BANG!
ARE YOU HURT?
AM I HURT? EVERY BONE IN MY BODY IS BROKEN... I'M PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN!!
IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD!!
YOUR PANTS ARE GLUED TO THE FLOOR...I'LL TRY TO PULL YOU OUT OF EM!
I'VE INVENTED A SPECIAL GLUE....IT SETS IN A SPLIT SECOND!
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, ...BUT HOW AM I GONNA GET HOME?
YOU CAN WEAR THIS HOME!! BE SURE AND RETURN THE BARREL!


GOOD OLD WILLIE—MY PAL!—HE THINKS OF EVERY-THING!!

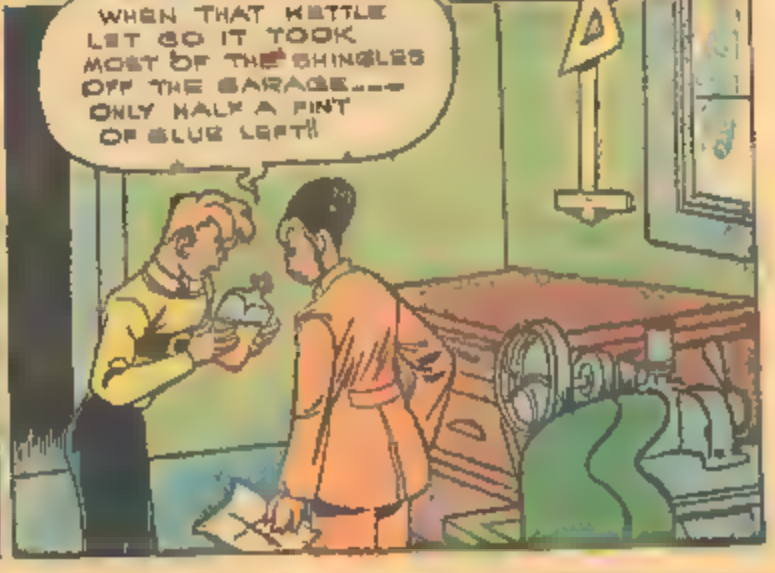

SUFFERING SASSAFRAS! —HAVE YOU BEEN IN A TRAIN WRECK?
I CANT TELL YOU MR MALONEY —IT'S A MILITARY SECRET!!

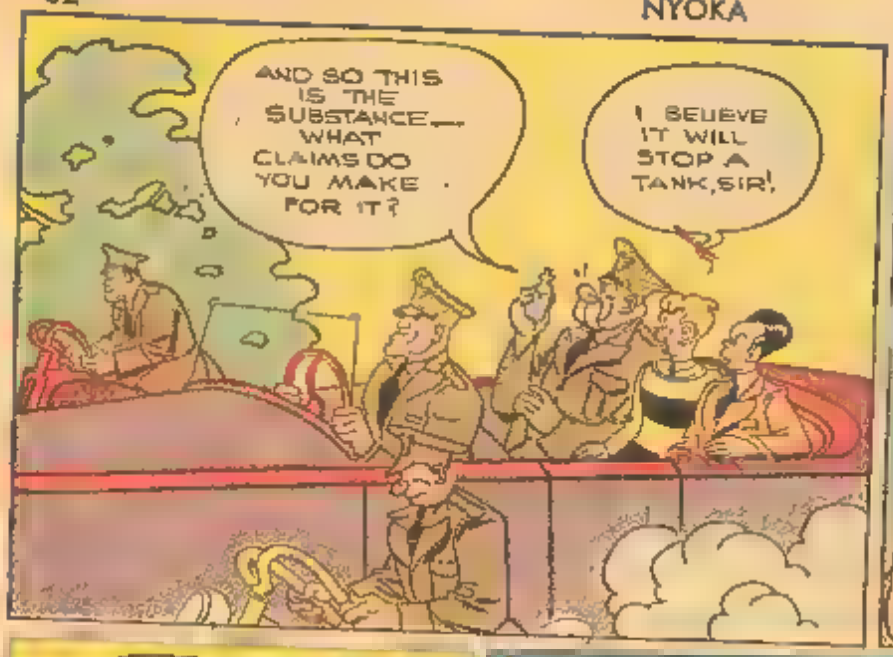

DOES WILLIES GLUE HAVE TO EXPLODE TO BE EFFECTIVE?
I DONT KNOW ABOUT THAT POP—BUT IT SETS LIKE CHAIN LIGHTNING!

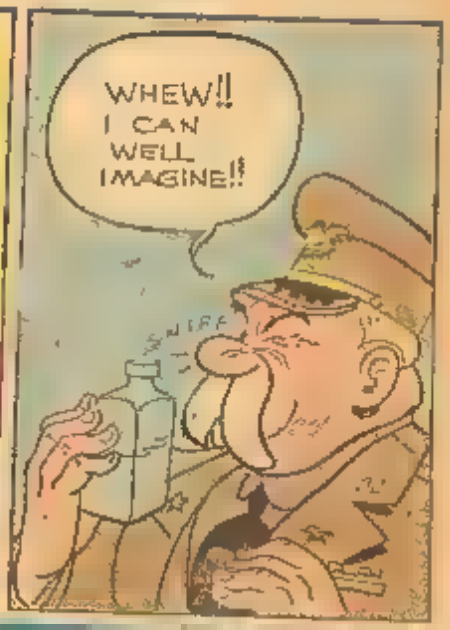

IT MIGHT BE OF SOME MILITARY IMPORTANCE, AT THAT—BELIEVE I'LL DROP THE GENERAL A LINE!!


HMM—VERY INTERESTING!—A LAD INVENTS A POWERFUL ADHESIVE THAT SETS INSTANTLY! WE MUST LOOK INTO THIS!


ARE YOU WILLIE WYNN—?—THEN HERE'S A COMMUNICATION FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!

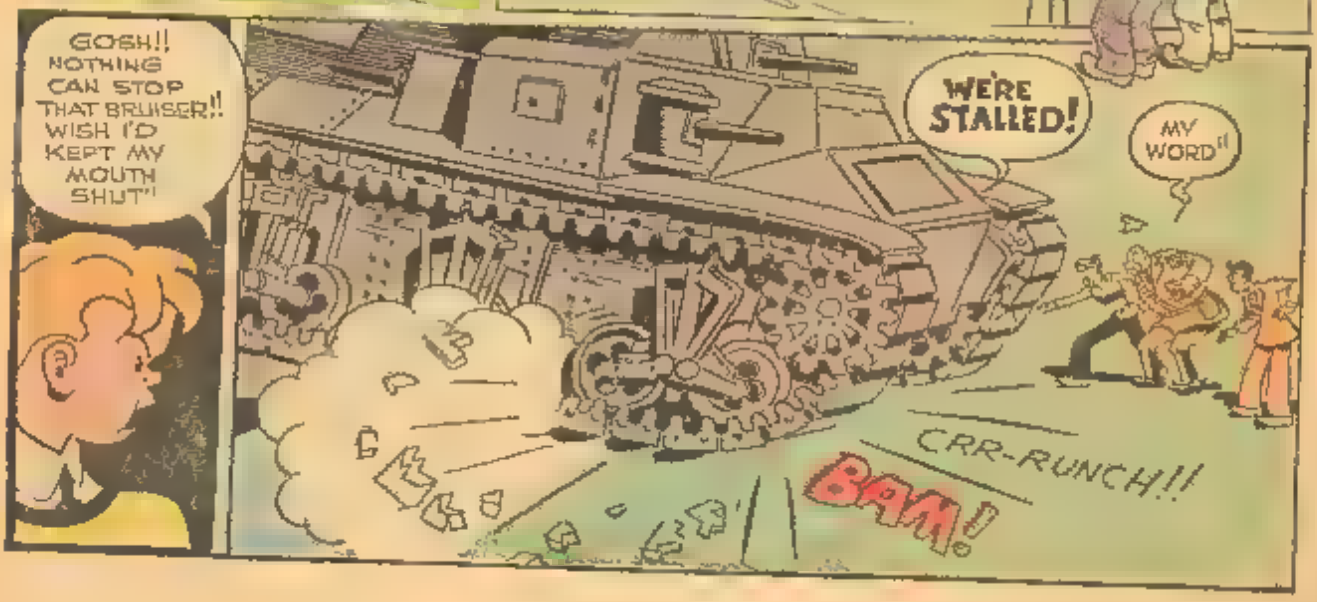

WHEN THAT KETTLE LET GO IT TOOK MOST OF THE SHINGLES OFF THE GARAGE—ONLY HALF A PINT OF GLUE LEFT!!


AND SO THIS IS THE SUBSTANCE— WHAT CLAIMS DO YOU MAKE FOR IT?
I BELIEVE IT WILL STOP A TANK, SIR!


WHEW!! I CAN WELL IMAGINE!!

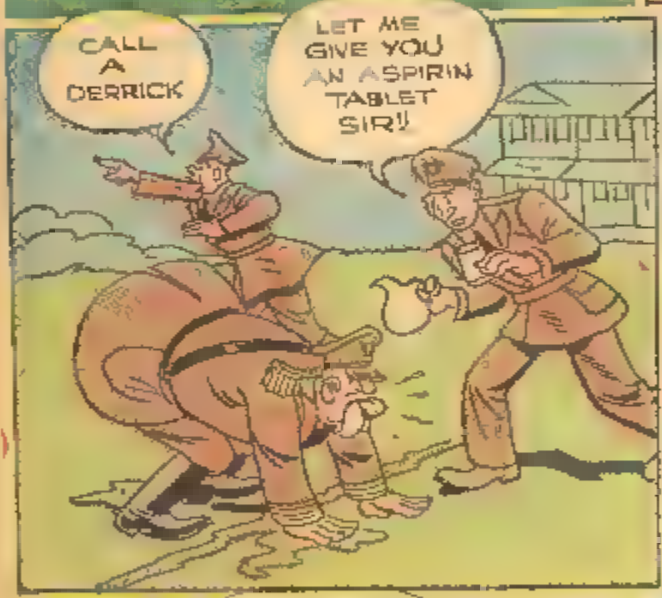

THIS WILL BE AMUSING!! WE WILL MAKE THE FIRST TEST WITH ONE OF OUR SIXTY TON TANKS!!

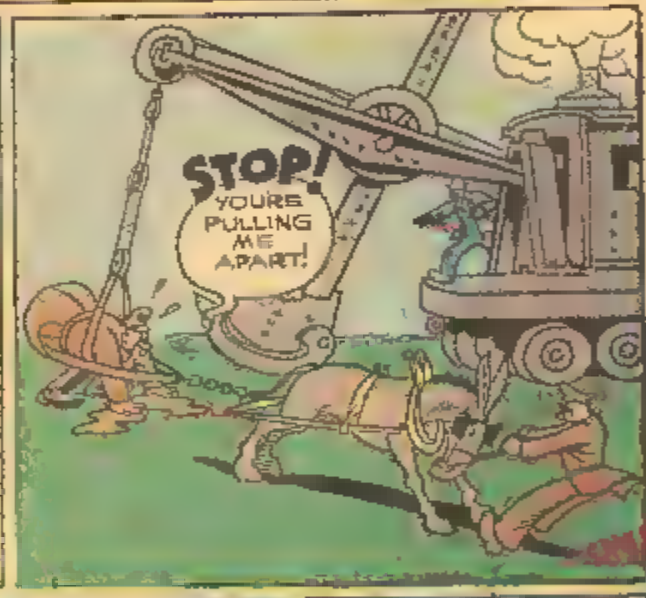

NEVER MIND LAD.. IF YOUR GLUE DOESN'T STOP THIS TANK WELL TAKE IT OVER TO THE KITCHEN AND TRY IT OUT ON CRACKED TEA CUPS!
READY!!

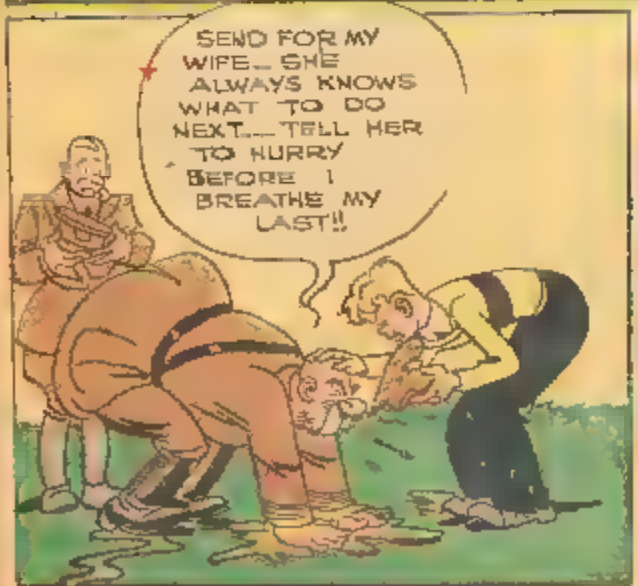

GOSH!! NOTHING CAN STOP THAT BRUISER!! WISH I'D KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT!!
WE'RE STALLED!
MY WORD!!
CRR-RUNCH!!
BAM!


OOP! THERE GOES THE BOTTLE!!


LOOKS LIKE A CAT IN THE FLY-PAPER!... HOLD IT GENERAL!!
EGAD!...I'M GLUED TO THE RUNWAY!!...DO SOMETHING!! HELP!!


CALL A DERRICK
LET ME GIVE YOU AN ASPIRIN TABLET SIR!!

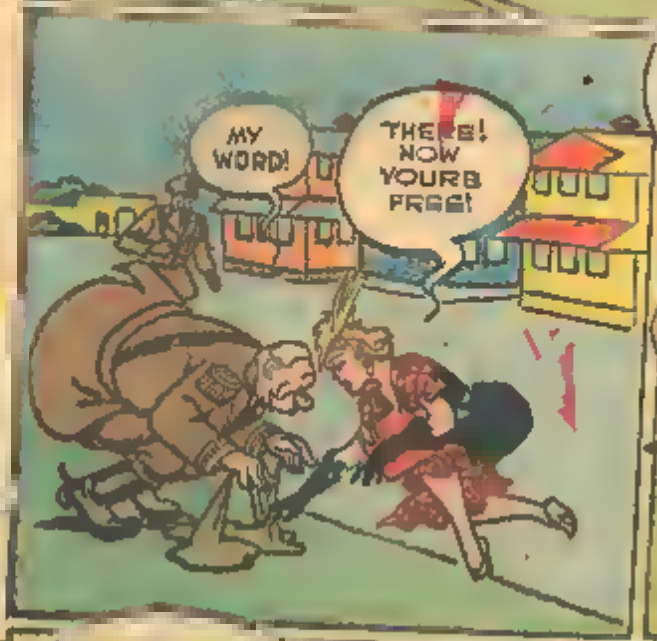

STOP! YOU'RE PULLING ME APART!


SEND FOR MY WIFE... SHE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT TO DO NEXT...TELL HER TO HURRY BEFORE I BREATHE MY LAST!!


HE WANTS YOU TO COME AT ONCE, MA'AM!!
WAIT TILL I PHONE THE HAIR DRESSER I'LL BE TEN MINUTES LATE!!

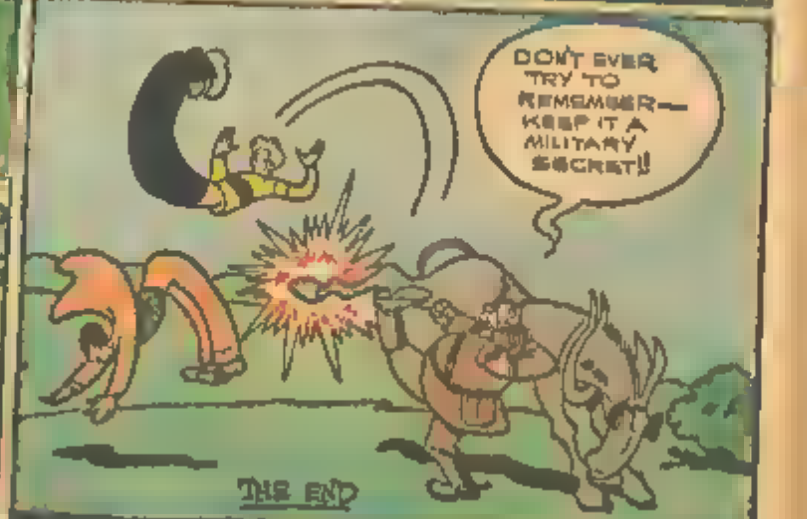

AMELIA, MY DARLING, I'M GLUED TO THE PAVEMENT!!
YOU POOR DEAR


CAN YOU HELP ME DEAR?
SILLY BOY!...OF COURSE I CAN... WAIT TILL I FIND A HAIRPIN TO OPEN THIS LITTLE BOTTLE

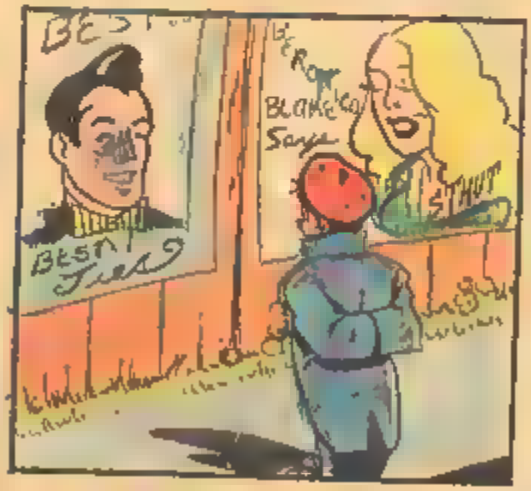

MY WORD!
THERE! NOW YOURS FREE!

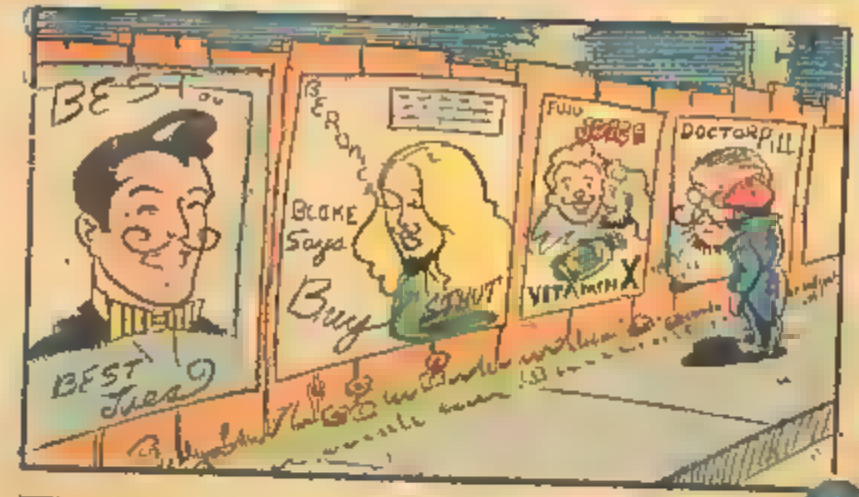

THIS IS ASTOUNDING, MY DEAR!! ... HOW DID YOU DO IT?
WHY I ALWAYS CARRY FINGER NAIL POLISH TO REMOVE CHEWING GUM OR ANYTHING STICKY!!

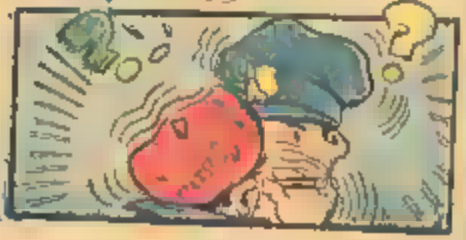

NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER GENERAL ... I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW I MADE THAT GLUE!
YOU ●x-!!


DON'T EVER TRY TO REMEMBER— KEEP IT A MILITARY SECRET!!
THE END

THE MAD ARTIST







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